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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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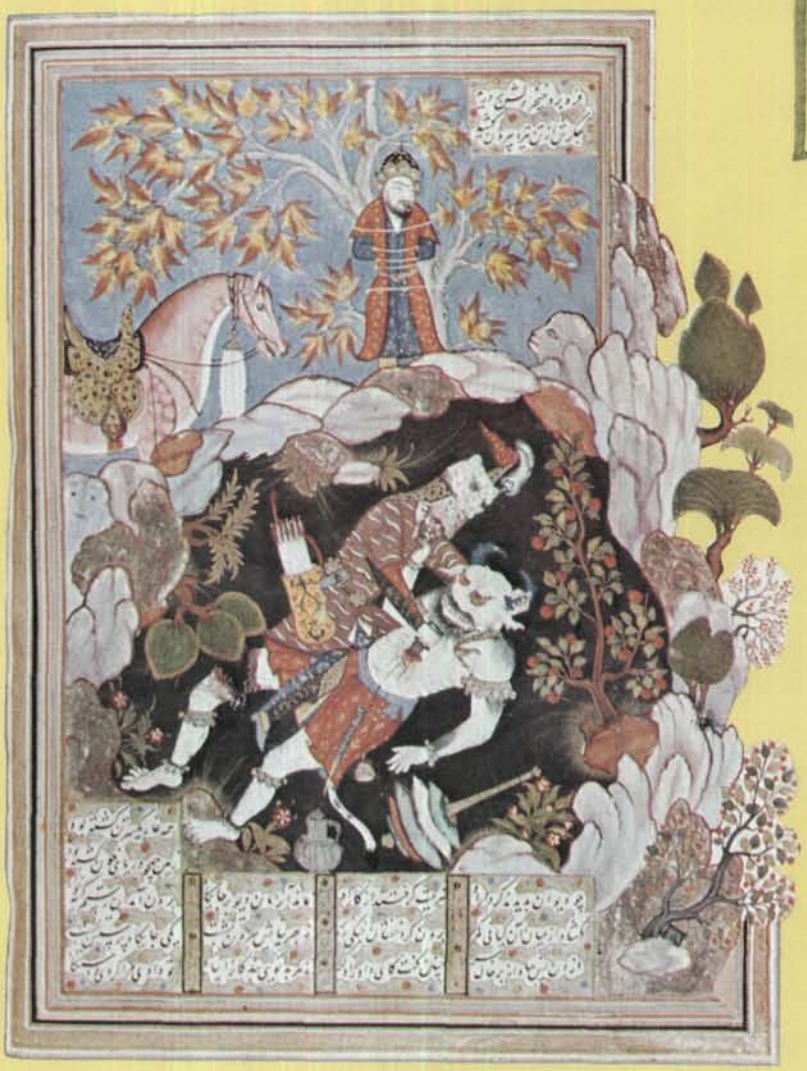

The Holy Wars of Islam

Walter Laqueur • *Michael Walzer* • *The Editors*

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TRB

from Washington
December 8, 1979

A Sinister Force

Of 38 American presidents, 10 have been generals. That's about one in four. The American system tilts toward generals: they are supposed to disregard partisanship and be patriotic symbols, prepared for the White House and able to represent national dignity. As chief executives they will be, of course, the commanders-in-chief. The last time America decided to "rise above politics" was in 1952 with Ike. He was a professional soldier and there have only been three of them as presidents: Zachary Taylor, who died in office; Ulysses Grant, who was a failure; and Eisenhower. Ike gave the nation just what it wanted, a breathing space after the hectic New Deal. He slowed the clock down but didn't turn it back; he was a dull president but not a bad one. Ike was picked 28 years ago and according to the law of averages we are overdue for another general. Is there one around?

There certainly is. Meet "Mister Leadership" himself, General Alexander M. Haig. He was the alter ego of Henry Kissinger, the man who presided over the departure of Richard Nixon, and for four and a half years he was the supreme commander of the NATO forces in Europe. In the past 18 weeks he has been in 34 states showing himself as an authority on world affairs and declaring that "I am seriously concerned about this country." He runs through world events to explain why America has "shaken the confidence of European leaders." He describes himself without self-consciousness as "a man whose background is essentially leadership." Is he a candidate? "I am considering it very seriously, and increasingly so." In short, General Haig will throw his hat into the ring in a week or two by all signs.

Haig is no fool. He is attractive, formidable, and, as a symbol, faintly ominous. In a world of accelerating emergencies, it is often a question whether the American system will work. It was constructed for slower times and we don't seem to know quite how to speed it up without getting a Nixon. Will a personable general come along some day to show us how?

General Hiag is testifying on the SALT II treaty before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Lights flare down. He has a tough, aggressive pose, a small steel-trap mouth, and a face that seems all jaw. Senator Goldwater is his soul mate. "I've been accused of being shy about expressing my views in the past but I don't intend to be in the future," he says. "Good hunting!" says Goldwater quietly. He tells how Russia is building nuclear missiles. European leaders, he agrees, support the treaty or say they do, but he hints they have reservations. They don't want to "further weaken the US presidency," he says, and they don't want to destroy detente. Nevertheless, "global power balance is viewed in Europe as shifting against us, and we can ignore it no longer."

Is he for the treaty or not? Only if the US greatly increases its arms, that is the ransom price—the price that President Carter has yielded to in his defense budget. The treaty is as much hostage as the prisoners in Iran. "Otherwise," says Haig,"I urge that ratification of SALT II be held in abeyance."

That was July 26. Now it is four months later. He is at one of the gatherings he has been addressing around the country. Seen close up, this potential candidate is as alert and aggressive as a boxer, high cheekbones, surprised eyebrows, square shoulders, and nostrils that flare slightly, the better to snort with. Again his good looks and appeal come through. His handkerchief peeps out from coat pocket in military discipline and he wears invisible epaulettes, particularly when he slaps down a sharp question, and suddenly becomes all four-star general.

Haig came into the Nixon White House as a deputy of Henry Kissinger, and became Kissinger's alter ego. That put him in the center of things in the concluding scenes of Watergate. Nixon had to drop Haldeman and Ehrlichman ("two of the finest public servants I have ever known" said the president). Haig assumed the Haldeman job as White House chief of staff, and Elliot Richardson became attorney general. But Richardson refused to fire Archibald Cox, the special prosecutor, in the developing Watergate scandal. Haig never wavered. He asked Richardson, "Don't you know this is an order *from the Commander-in-Chief?*" Haig added a touch of theatricality to the affair by sending the FBI over to Cox's vacated offices and allowing nothing to be removed.

William Safire, Nixon ghost-writer now turned columnist, looks on the affair with a good deal of tolerance. "The tap on my home telephone was of special interest," he writes calmly in *Before the Fall* (Doubleday; 1975), "because it was the only one of the taps requested by Colonel Haig that did not have a national security justification." But after all, as the principals explained to Safire later, everybody was tapped in those days, and Safire's wife is British.

Haig's association with Nixon will be a fatal handicap for his presidential aspirations, I assume. It can be argued of course that he is the only GOP candidate with actual presidential experience: he ran things in the White House in the final days; he held them together as Nixon disintegrated. He hinted darkly to reporters at the time of dangers to the country deeper than Watergate; he talked mysteriously of "revolution" in his plea to Leon Jaworski to replace Cox. A White House tape of June 4, 1973, catches a conversation between Nixon and Haig as they plot how to deal with the earlier tapes—the deadly conversation of March 21: Haldeman would "handle it" Nixon says, and Haig replies helpfully, "That's exactly right. . . . You just can't recall. It was in a meeting." How do you explain the fact that portions of the tapes were missing and a section of one manually obliterated? reporters later asked him. They had not been out of the hands of Nixon's secretary. The erasure must have been done by some "sinister force," Haig explained.

Some day America will grope for another general to lead it and by the law of averages it may be soon. Dashing George McClellan tried to defeat Lincoln in 1864, and Douglas MacArthur made the attempt more recently. There was a 60-year gap between the last of the Civil War generals and Eisenhower. Now comes Haig. It's as American as apple pie.

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Correspondence

Beyond the moon

To the editors:

As a political scientist I wish to congratulate Barney Frank for his thoughtful examination of "Kennedy and the Liberals" (*TNR*, November 10). However, as an earthling and student of astronomy I was a bit amazed by his offhand assertion that anti-nuclear activists would not want to live "there," e.g., the solar system. Do they really want to leave the earth and the rest of the solar system? If so, why does Mr. Frank not let his readers know how the anti-nuclear activists are to achieve this unique goal? Perhaps Mr. Frank does not wish to upstage the governor of California in a future revelation about a moonbeam-powered lunar sail that will whisk the anti-nukees out beyond Pluto's orb.

Gordon D. Munro, PhD
Department of Politics
San Bernardino Valley College
San Bernardino, California

Dangers of pot and coke

To the editors:

Your October 6 editorial, "Reefer Madness," fully lived up to its title. During my 10 years in drug abuse prevention, including five as director of HEW's National Institute on Drug Abuse, I rarely have read such a dangerously ill-informed article. The idea that our nation should treat marijuana and cocaine as we now treat alcohol is truly frightening. We pay over $40 billion a year for the privilege of each citizen to set his own alcohol consumption level. These costs are paid by all of us through medical bills, highway accidents, lost productivity, and, most profoundly, through the terrible effects of alcohol abuse on individual users and their families. The current social costs of marijuana and cocaine under legal prohibition are harder to estimate but they are much lower. Were we to legalize use and sale of either or both of these dangerous drugs the costs would indeed approach, and conceivably even pass, those now paid for alcohol use.

The harmful effects of marijuana and cocaine use are less well known to the public than those of alcohol use. Few of your readers, I'm sure, know that marijuana smoke contains more tar and known carcinogens than tobacco smoke, or that marijuana's major mind-altering ingredient, THC, because it is fat-soluble but not water-soluble, is retained in the human brain and reproductive organs much like DDT. About 30 percent of the ingested THC remains in the human body after one week and measurable quantities still are present after one month. Both marijuana and cocaine pose unique health hazards not posed by alcohol. Their use is now illegal and the vast majority of the American public wants to keep them illegal.

Robert L. DuPont, President
Institute for Behavior and Health
Chevy Chase, Maryland

Role-playing

To the editors:

I have no sympathy for Vanessa Redgrave's political views, but Martin Peretz misses the mark when he complains (Washington Diarist, *TNR*, November 24) that her playing Fania Fenelon in a TV film "will be a lie." Isn't acting "lying" by definition? Mr. Peretz doesn't demand that the actors who portray Nazis in the film believe in nazism.

Henry Cohen
Silver Spring, Maryland

Trendy antiliberalism

To the editors:

I was extremely disappointed in the November 10 article by Morton Kondracke on "Kennedy's World." I certainly hope he does not think that his ideas about the nature of a good foreign policy for the United States are representative of the liberal opinion constituted by this journal's readers. I use the term "liberal" with some deliberateness, for I noted with a sense of sadness that for Mr. Kondracke "trendy liberal" is evidently considered an epithet. Mr. Kondracke now joins the long list of conservatives who have helped, along with some members of the left, to tarnish this political position that the progressive policy of *The New Republic* always has espoused. It is clear that in criticizing Senator Kennedy's membership in the "Pentagon cutback club" and in attacking the senator for criticizing the Kissinger-Ford requests for funds at the tail end of the Vietnam War, Mr. Kondracke is joining the backlash against the critics of a merely anticommunist foreign policy. Is it Mr. Kondracke's opinion that the United States should continue with the policy that brought us the Vietnam War, that we should continue to support military aid for anticommunist governments no matter what degree their authoritarianism or internal injustice? It would be very unfortunate, in my opinion, if the editors of *The New Republic*, and its readers, were to interpret the recent events in Iran or in Cambodia as "evidence" that our previous policies were indeed correct ones. Our policies were no more correct or desirable than the current situations in these societies or the governments that are responsible for them. I hope that Mr. Kondracke will rethink his position and that he will not allow himself to be swept away by the "trendy antiliberalism" that is so much in evidence today.

Jeffrey C. Alexander
Department of Sociology
UCLA
Los Angeles, California

Rejected presidents

To the editors:

It is good that TRB is now using a qualifier. On November 17 he wrote: "Only one president, I believe, Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, has tried for renomination and been rejected by his own party."

Millard Fillmore led on the first ballot at the Democratic convention in 1852. Chester Arthur was second on the first ballot at the Republican convention in 1884. Andrew Johnson, a Democrat elected on the Union ticket, was second on the first ballot at the Democratic convention in 1868. Denied renomination for third terms after four-year intervals were Ulysses Grant in 1880 and Teddy Roosevelt in 1912.

Reed Hoffman
Enterprise, Kansas

War's reason why

To the editors:

It is a moving experience to read the concluding section of George Kennan's new book ("Toward August 1914," *TNR*, November 3). Here, you say to yourself, is summed up a lifetime's learning by a deeply thoughtful, civilized, reflective mind on the stupidity and horror of war. It is especially impressive coming from an historian whose diplomatic experience put him in close contact with

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the makers of national policy, and who can therefore reconcile the scholar's assessment of events with the harsh truths of what is sometimes called the real world.

The appeal to reason, to our compassion, to our humanity, to what is best in us, is so overwhelming one almost overlooks the validity of war's "reason why" assigned by Kennan: "sentimental nationalism"; the illusion that war is a test of manhood, courage, and virility; the survival in a technological age of a "romantic-chivalric concept" of war; the direction of national destinies by statesmen, generals, opinionmakers who shared these illusions.

An excerpt is not the book, but one gathers from the brief references there that the wars Kennan deplores followed a breakdown in stability. The examples of a stable order cited are Bismarck's Europe of 1870-90 and the Austro-Hungarian Empire which ended in 1918. (He would agree, I think, to add Metternich's Europe of 1815-48.) These stable orders, true, saw little war, but they were marked also, in varying degrees, by repression of native cultures, of democratic aspirations and civil liberties, by exploitation of the working poor, and by resistance of the establishment to the removal of what the rising class of entrepreneurs regarded as fetters on free enterprise.

Is it possible the eras of stability Kennan looks back to with nostalgia were briefly successful efforts to suppress dynamic forces which were bound to burst the bonds imposed on them? Are there behind the surface phenomena of sentimental nationalism, etc.—which may be seen perhaps as propaganda-inspired to obtain popular support for war—changes in the political and economic organization of the world which makes war, if not inevitable, a way attractive to a country's leaders to destroy barriers to their expression? Is war any different, then, from other aspects of the system we liberals deplore: depressions, inflation, famine, large inequalities in per capita income among countries and within the population of any one country?

Think for a moment of the profound changes we have seen in the 20th century: the rise of Japan and the Soviet Union as major industrial powers; the end of European colonialism and the emergence of several score new nations in Africa and Asia; the growth of multinational corporations beyond the reach of the national governments and their capture of strategic sectors of the world's economic resources. Were these changes welcomed by countries lessened in power and influenced by them, and did they not arouse in such countries efforts, military and other, to confine if not crush them? Is it too much to ask a scholar as knowledgeable, as perceptive, as wise as Kennan to look for another way out of war than an appeal of reason and compassion?

Jacob Fisher
Fairfax, Virginia

A new conception

To the editors:

Your article on Mr. Hyde and the Right-to-Lifers makes me wonder why no one stands up for the rights of the unconceived. Continence is murder (and not just on the practitioner). Let every social encounter be kept open for the transmission of life.

Toglo S. Fahari
Upper Montclair, New Jersey

Vicious underdogs

To the editors:

The Iranian release of some black and female hostages from the US embassy was sexist, racist, and foolish. If the embassy really were a nest of CIA subversives, the ayatollah surely would know that the most vicious running dogs of the imperialists are recruited from oppressed groups like women and blacks; like Avis, they try harder. In World War II, the cruelest jailers of prisoners of war were Korean stooges of the Japanese; the worst atrocities were committed by Hitlerite flunkies like Croatian Ustashi fascists, Jewish police in the Warsaw ghetto, and Urkrainian Banderovshchina Nazis; and, in Chicago, black cops killed their own sleeping brothers in the notorious Hanrahan raid.

Conrad Chyatte
Oak Park, Illinois

Another voice on Hayden

To the editors:

I have often read and appreciated Richard Parker's analyses of the American political economy. But I didn't appreciate part of his recent attack on Tom Hayden ("Radical Soap Opera," *TNR*, November 17), in which Parker took quotations out of context from a piece written by me for the *Village Voice*. He did so dishonestly, and I'd like a chance to correct him.

First he quotes my remark about Hayden's Campaign for Economic Democracy perhaps being the "seed of a new political culture," then denigrates the group for its lack of presence in San Francisco and its roster of a mere 1000 activists in a state of 22 million. These numbers, along with others, were reported in my story, but unlike Parker I bothered to investigate whether CED has any grassroots substance by attending meetings and talking to past and present members. A typical left elitist, Parker chose only to speak to Hayden's old new left comrades. His criticisms are tainted with parochialism and ignorance. Why organize in San Francisco, where the left is already present and factionalized? How many dedicated activists does Parker suppose the Democrats or Republicans have in California?

Parker's second amputation of my words, about the envy of Hayden's old enemies for his new success, did not, as Parker knows, refer to Hayden's left adversaries but to Nixon, et al. I suggest that anyone who accepts Parker's criticism of the piece as "facile personality journalism" take a few minutes to read it—since it provides more substantial reporting and criticism of Hayden's politics and organization than Parker produced by sitting in his armchair with his clippings.

Joe Conason
The Village Voice
New York, New York

Hard slugging

To the editors:

Your October 27 editorial "John Connally, Weakling" is a masterpiece! So much media tends to minimize the real threats to America's best interests—for fear of antagonizing big-money interests. *The New Republic* does not bow ignominiously to such pressure—it slugs hard against an evil candidate advocating an unprincipled program.

S. Norman Gourse
New York, New York

Chicago politics

To the editors:

As a constant observer of and occasional participant in Chicago politics, I am often amused and sometimes angered by the careless mistakes made by the eastern press in reporting Chicago events. On the whole, Washington writers visiting Chicago are more ac-

(continued on page 40)

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a matter of SURVIVAL

Severe malnutrition and epidemic disease threaten the life of this Cambodian child, one of an estimated three million people in Cambodia whose survival is in serious jeopardy.

As it has in so many past emergencies, UNICEF, the United Nations Children's Fund, is responding to this tragedy. Designated the UN "lead agency" for Cambodian relief, UNICEF has mounted a massive relief program jointly with the International Committee of the Red Cross (ICRC) to bring food, medicine and other urgently needed relief supplies to the Cambodian people.

In the first six months of the emergency program alone, $110 million is needed—just to begin feeding and treating a sick and suffering population. President Carter has pledged U.S. Government support for the UNICEF/ICRC relief operation and has urged the American public to contribute generously to help save the Cambodian people.

Right now, food, medicines, health equipment, and other relief materials are reaching the people of Cambodia and Cambodian refugees in Thailand. A team of UNICEF and Red Cross officials is coordinating the distribution of supplies through air, sea, river, and land transport.

Life today for three million Cambodian men, women—and especially children—is a matter of survival. Please help by giving generously to:

UNICEF
Cambodian Relief
331 East 38th Street,
New York, N.Y. 10016
(212) 686-5522

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

December 8, 1979

Quarantining the Ayatollah

With 49 Americans held hostage by government-backed Iranian hoodlums in our embassy in Tehran, the wisest counsel remains the counsel of restraint. The stake in Iran, of course, is more than just the lives of hapless embassy personnel: American honor, for instance, a value too casually scoffed at; and the most minimal principles of diplomatic conduct, which happen to serve weaker nations as much as they do strong ones. But we are fast approaching the moment of truth in Iran. Even if the imam of Qom has not quite gotten the message yet, those around him must understand by now that the shah will not be coming back, not under any conditions or in response to any threats.

For a month now the shah's return has been what the ayatollah has insisted on, and frenzied mobs have chanted for day after endless day. They have failed, and whatever else they may succeed in cajoling out of an ever more recreant West, nothing will compensate for the crushing defeat the faithful will feel in their bones when the shah leaves his New York hospital room—not for his rendezvous with revolutionary justice in Iran, but for a reunion with his fortune and family in Mexico. No one should underestimate the rage of thwarted religious passion. It may fester slowly before it explodes, but it will not be easily stilled. The American prisoners of Islam amok will be in even more peril than before during these next few days. Whatever the frustrations, and whatever the corollary temptations of the last weeks, nothing should be done that would provide an incitement to massacre.

The ayatollah may not have the shah, but he still has his confrontation with the United States, and that's probably what he and the armed rabble which acts in his name really wanted in the first place. No revolution in years had more quickly made a shambles of a country rich in oil and rich in possibilities than did the ayatollah's revolution in Iran. Declining petroleum revenues have funded a steadily growing dole line. In the provinces, rebellious Kurds and dissident Arabs have challenged the authority of the central government, pressing their grievances by arms when, as inevitably happened, lesser forms of civil struggle were crushed. Many in the professions and the entrepreneurial middle classes withdrew their talents and their loyalties from support of the regime. Industrial workers have become disaffected. Along with secularized youth and women, they have been attracted to two distinct leftist oppositions, one Islamic in character, the other Marxist. Meanwhile enemies have appeared at the gates: Iraq has revived its territorial dispute with Iran by staging troop maneuvers on the border. What might Khomeini do to relive and revive the glorious days when all Iran seemed to welcome him as savior? He did what he could: at the propitious moment of the advent of Muharram, a sacred season celebrating martyrdom, he picked a fight with the US.

It may be that even Khomeini never actually contemplated getting his hands on the shah. Whether he did or not, he had a fallback position in his struggle with the US. He would allege that the embassy personnel, certain blacks and women excepted, were engaged in espionage. This is a most ominous development. According to the *Shari'a*, the holy law of Islam, diplomats, merchants, and other non-believers are granted an *aman*, a safe conduct pass, to live in Islamic society. But they violate it and lose its protections if they are spies. Spying is very broadly defined. Many innocuous embassy documents would fit the specifications of espionage; standards of evidence and proof, moreover, are not exactly as stringent as they are in Western judicial systems. Having made his charge according to religious codes, Khomeini may have pushed himself past the point of no return. Unable to get the shah back, Khomeini's fallback strategy to humiliate the US, at least in his own country and in the Islamic world, may be all the more important to him and the survival of his revolution. Not a diplomat but an advocate of the holy law, he has set the stage for the

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kind of extra-legal spectacular not seen since the great communist purge trials of the early 1950s.

What has the Carter administration done to deflect Khomeini from his course? The president has been right to demand that all the hostages be released, and released—as he banally continues to hope—"unharmed." Of course after the long weeks of physical strain and mental terror, none of them can possibly be unharmed. Only the quite well-understood psychological syndrome of the tormented identifying with their tormentors would have caused some of the 13 released hostages to speak of the good conditions of their captivity, what with being bound, blindfolded, silenced, interrogated, preached at, isolated, and obliged to listen to the threnody of thousands outside clamoring for their blood. The situation is intolerable, but Carter's demands will not put an end to it. Nor, we fear, will the timorous actions recently initiated by his administration. Indeed, we suspect that the signals Washington sent to Tehran in the days when the return of the shah was the asking price for the hostages will encourage Khomeini and his associates in their obdurate ways. There was no way we could have handed over the shah, but what would we not do to prevent the public flogging of Americans found guilty of espionage in Iran?

The problem goes back to the meaning of restraint. From the streets of America, and from some campuses, too, came the demand that we "bomb Iran" or even "nuke" it. The military response to crisis and provocation has been a reflex in our country since World War II; it is a sign of our maturing as a power that it was not what came first to President Carter's mind as he contemplated reacting to the great offense in Tehran. But Carter was not content simply to keep our powder dry; he said it would be kept dry so long as our hostages were not hurt. How long may their captors keep them? All the talk about limited options and humanitarian considerations, when translated into Persian, read like we were begging for mercy. Probably that's what we were doing, and seeking beyond that some concrete way to accommodate and assuage the enraged. Certainly that was the conclusion that would be drawn from the dispatching of an abject man and pious partisan of Khomeini like Ramsey Clark to be the president's special emissary to whoever would receive. Then we held still for the ministrations of the PLO, those "moderates" now penitently back in the ayatollah's camp, and held our breaths again when someone or other thought that maybe Andrew Young or James Abourezk, third world firsters too, might better convey our craven nature. When the crisis has passed, it would be interesting to know what offerings Clark was empowered to make on our behalf. As it happens, there was not mercy, not even enough mercy to allow Clark to be received in Iran at all. And so are the believers rewarded.

In the meantime there was not the merest suggestion that force might be used, which is to say not the merest suggestion that Iran might be required to pay high costs for its warlike acts against innocent Americans.

And why has our will been so cramped in making appropriate diplomatic and economic responses to what the usually unflappable secretary general of the United Nations has called the gravest threat to world peace since the Cuban missile crisis? Among these possible responses were and still are: the impounding of the Iranian embassy in Washington and the internment (under civilized conditions) of its personnel; a blockade of Iran's ports; the refusal of landing and docking rights in the US to all sea and aircraft which continue to service Iran; an embargo on all American trade relations with Iran. There would have been much bombast from the putatively non-aligned, and possibly some grumbling from our allies who, as Machiavelli knew, would sooner forgive the gaoling of their brothers than the curtailment of their trade. Some of these measures would have affected the petroleum supplies of others. To show our seriousness, the US would have had to begin to ration fuels at home and help make available substitute supplies to those now dependent on Iran. If we had actually moved to quarantine the ayatollah's Iran as an international outlaw, we might actually have set the world on a new course.

That is, in fact, what we seem most fearful of doing. The early drama at the UN was particularly illuminating. We should have brought charges against Iran in the Security Council and asked for sanctions. If we had pressed our case strongly with our friends and with the communist bloc, which seems grudgingly to have endorsed the idea of the special status of diplomatic missions, we might have succeeded. In succeeding we might actually have given some substance to detente. What we are defending in this case, after all, are the elementary codes of the diplomatic life, known as early as Thucydides and still today the guarantee that nations can communicate, whatever their disagreements. Without these rules the UN itself could not exist. If the UN can't act decisively for these canons of intercourse among nations that are essential to its own survival, what is it worth? We should have been prepared to put the UN to the test, to call the bluff of the flatulent demagogues who have made it merely an irritant in the world. And if our position had lost there, we would have known something that the current proceedings in the Security Council are designed to obscure.

It may be that what finally comes out of the present deliberations at the UN will not be an equal apportionment of blame between Iran and the US. But right now that is certainly the trend in the international air, and it is supported by those many Americans who can hardly conceive a grievance or challenge against us for which we are not at fault. In this view of the world, every troubling incident is an occasion to rehash the past—and distortions of the past at that. It is not enough that

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the shah is perceived as a dictator, and rightfully so; he must also be a Hitler or an Eichmann. Some see the US consenting to an international inquiry as the only way out of the predicament with our hostages, and it may be just that. But who will judge the shah? What tyrants will wear the wigs and the black robes? What standards of justice or equity will be their reference points?

Some American commentators seem barely more interested in securing the freedom of the imprisoned Americans than in blaming Henry Kissinger for the victims' imperiled circumstance. The most notable of these commentators is George Ball, who remains quite unable to forgive Kissinger for having usurped his own natural right to be secretary of state. Ball is a Foggy Bottom-Wall Street commuter who wants us to accommodate virtually everyone everywhere, except in apartheid South Africa, in behalf of whose regime he wants us to make a stand. In blaming Kissinger for our present woes, many of these observers seem inclined to ignore the fact that Cyrus Vance is secretary of state, and is not obliged to do whatever Henry Kissinger urges in a speech at the Harvard Business School. The effort to fix blame for letting the shah into the country diverts attention from what should concern us much more: that US interests and nationals can be held at risk with apparent impunity simply because the shah is here. Of course that reflects a more fundamental deterioration of perceived American power in the world. The attempt to scapegoat Kissinger also seems contrived to excuse those whose resources are so sparse that they can think of little to extricate the country and its people from the Tehran imbroglio.

That, of course, remains the immediate goal. Probably a greater demonstration of our sober resolve will be required than has yet been manifest. Such a firm and measured demonstration is also most likely to deter further violence against Americans which the administration realistically fears in the Moslem countries.

The incident in Tehran already has created a new climate of opinion in America, especially regarding America's view of itself. The mullah's mob has not rewritten the history of Indochina. But as the end of a long process of reenchantment with our country, events in Iran have shattered the assumption that wherever we have gone in the world we have gone with dirty hands. It is ironic that this should finally happen in a locale where our hands are not at all so clean. But they are hardly as soiled as the breast-beaters would have us believe. Nor were many of our recent choices in Iran—as opposed to those a quarter-century ago—quite as simple as those who believe that innocence is enough would claim. And these choices will not be simple ones in the future, either.

Countries and movements choose their friends and can leave it at that; but sometimes they set out deliberately to make their enemies. The Ayatollah Khomeini and the millenarian Islamic movement he personifies in Iran have mapped a course for themselves which determines the course of others. The chaos and fragmentation let loose in Iran will invite interventions from the Soviet Union and its allies, possibly a very well armed Iraq. On this score, what Russia has gained through ruthless suppression of another Moslem revolt in Afghanistan is instructive for what it portends of Moscow's intentions in the region. Inevitably Western anxieties, already amply provoked by the behavior of the Khomeini regime, will be heightened. We hope that from now on the US will not seek friends as inappropriate as the shah was. But that it will seek friends in Iran cannot be denied.

The millennial fervor now sweeping Iran has made it a particularly uncongenial place both for democratic values and for Western interests. But that fervor does not stop at national borders. Carter does our country no service when he pretends, as he did at his press conference last week, that the Moslem fanaticism we have seen directed against Americans in Tehran is a local and idiosyncratic phenomenon. It is not, moreover, simply a trait of the Shia branch of Islam, as alleged on NBC by George Ball and Professor Richard Falk of Princeton (whose confident assurances last winter of the democratic character of Khomeini's revolt might have kept him quiet this fall). Armed piety in the streets is a threat most directly to other Moslems and Moslem states. They should know that, when confronted by implacable Islam, the US will not try to placate it. Many Americans find it hard to believe that there are genuine extremists, hard-line folks who can't be mollified into becoming sensible moderates. But there are such, and when we finally learn that very unpleasant lesson from history, we and our friends will be better able to move and maneuver in a harsh world.

Old labels in a new world.

Is Khomeini a Neoconservative?

It is a blessing that the Ayatollah Khomeini has become so well known that the media need not introduce him each time they mention him. Otherwise one could foresee serious difficulties. He is hardly a man of the left, but the right-wing label does not fit him very well either. Neither a radical nor a conservative, revolutionary in some respects, reactionary in others, he is certainly no "dove." But then he is not against the SALT II treaty nor a follower of Mr. Begin, and so cannot possibly be called a "hawk" or a "hardliner." Some commentators called him a "liberal" when he was still in exile, and even during the first weeks of sanguine optimism after the overthrow of the shah. But this now seem as appropriate as calling him a

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"neoconservative." The shah, on the other hand, was a tyrant, and hence a right-winger and a conservative. True, he was also a modernizer; his position regarding women's role in society was more liberal than Khomeini's, as was his attitude toward homosexuality, toward relations between Islam and state, and other issues. But all this does not make the shah a "liberal," for our views on these issues are, of course, ethnocentric and should not be transferred to other cultures.

"Fascism" in contemporary parlance is used widely and indiscriminately not only in reference to persons and parties that belong to the past, but also in current controversy. Thus the military regimes in Chile and Greece have been described as fascist; so was Portugal under Salazar and of course Iran under the shah and present-day South Africa. But on the other hand fascist tendencies and features have been detected in many third world countries and even in the communist bloc. For the Chinese, the Soviet Union is not only an imperialist power aiming at world hegemony, but also a country ruled by a "fascist clique." Soviet spokesmen have retaliated in kind about fascism in Peking. For years the Syrian Ba'ath leaders used to denounce their Iraqi Ba'ath comrades as fascists, and vice versa. Qaddafi and Khomeini have been called "clerico-fascist," Israel has been attacked by the PLO and other Palestinian organizations as fascist, and Israel has attacked the "fascist Palestinian terrorists and murderers." Some members of the new left in the 1960s alleged that they lived in a fascist country called "Amerika." Indonesia has been described as fascist and so were both Koreas; the Vietnamese called the Pol Pot regime fascist and vice versa. Only a very few countries such as Denmark, Switzerland, and perhaps New Zealand have escaped the fascist label altogether. But if one looked hard enough one would probably discover some individuals even in these countries eager to correct this oversight, pointing to certain "fascist" tendencies in Switzerland and Denmark.

Many errors of truth, Spinoza once wrote, consist merely in the application of the wrong names to things. Terms such as "conservative" and "liberal," "right wing" and "leftist," "radical" and "reactionary" may be of some use, within limits, in debates on domestic issues. But in foreign affairs and also usually in defense they are a source of endless confusion (and worse), simply because the great majority of foreign countries, political movements, and leaders with whom we are dealing in the contemporary world do not fit into these categories.

Once upon a time it was argued that attitudes toward the Soviet Union were the decisive test: liberals were sympathetic (or at least not too critical), conservatives were hostile. But a great deal of water has flown down the Moskva since 1917, and if the test ever made sense (which is doubtful), it is now perfectly nonsensical. Whatever its achievements, Soviet society is not liberal. Some of its features attract conservatives, but then it is not conservative either. The most bitter attacks against the Soviet Union have emanated from other communist states and movements. Is Peking to the left or to the right of Moscow? Was the Pol Pot regime more or less progressive (or radical) than the People's Republic of Vietnam? Are Albania and North Korea left-wing?

It has been mentioned that since the shah was "conservative," Khomeini, his chief foe, almost automatically became a liberal or, at the least, a liberalizing influence. The same is true with regard to the late M. Boumedienne of Algeria. Colonel Qaddafi of Libya also became an honorary liberal and, by implication, presumably also his house guests from Idi Amin to Emperor Bokassa. The reasoning behind this labeling was that since these statesmen of the modern world were clearly not conservatives, they must be liberals, *tertium non datur*. Nor can they safely be called "radicals": Khomeini and Qaddafi would not welcome suggestions for a radical change in Islamic traditions.

All these men, and their many colleagues, belong to political cultures to which terms of 19th-century Europe and America are not applicable. But this simple truth has not been accepted by most of our correspondents and editorialists. A poor Lebanese mountain villager is branded right-wing (or conservative, or reactionary) because he is Christian, whereas his equally poor neighbor from the next village is left-wing (liberal, progressive) because he is Moslem. For similar convincing reasons the separatist Polisario in North Africa has become left-wing, which makes the Moroccan Communists who deny them their state "reactionary," by necessity.

Day in and day out we are told about "Marxist" governments in places such as Congo-Brazzaville, Ethiopia, South Yemen, Madagascar, or Afghanistan. These countries may be a great many things, pro-Soviet and anti-American, they may import Cuban troops and East German policemen, but "Marxist" they certainly are not. Is Castro a Marxist? Once thought to be a "liberal," he is now generally termed a radical. But this is not of much help either; most people with a little sense of history will find Castro's style more like that of Mussolini than that of Lenin.

No important (and only a few unimportant) issues in world affairs can be explained in terms that belong to a bygone age and a different culture. Even in the US, isolationism can be advocated (or criticized) from both a "liberal" and a "conservative" point of view, just as in the 1930s. Nor is there anything specifically "liberal" or "conservative" in supporting (or opposing) defense spending. So why are these misleading terms so frequently used? Partly, no doubt out of ignorance, one of the most underrated factors in politics. Partly out of the desire to save valuable newsprint, or time on the air. It is so much easier to use one short adjective than to explain at length. But it is unfortunately also true that Spinoza may have been too trusting a soul. Quite frequently the "mistake" is deliberate. Some labels are more fashionable and attractive than others. One

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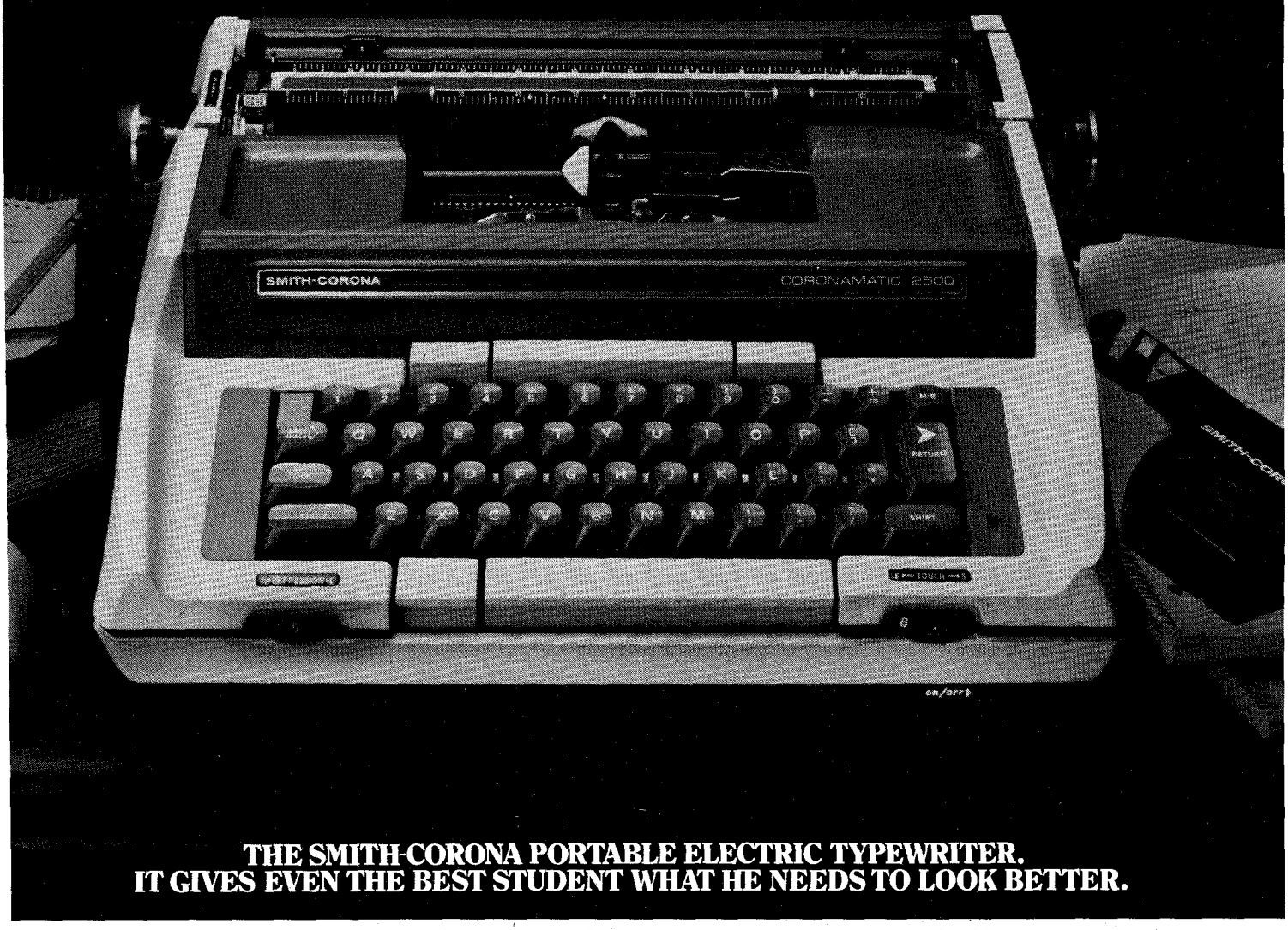

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example should suffice. Almost no day passes without some reference to "urban guerrillas" in one part of the globe or another. There is guerrilla warfare and there is terrorism; for a variety of reasons, technical and others, guerrilla warfare does not, however, take place in cities. If so, why the systematic obfuscation? For a very good reason: the term "guerrilla" has a positive public relations image; terrorism does not. Few terrorists like to be called terrorists. Thus with the help of sympathetic or gullible or careless media they are transformed into "urban guerrillas."

All this is of more than semantic importance. Misleading language does not contribute to clarity of thought or to an effective foreign policy. One should be suspicious when next confronted with such labels as "conservatives" or "neo-conservatives" and "liberals," "left wing" and "right wing," in an Outer Mongolian context—but also in discussions of our own foreign policy. It may be a honest mistake or carelessness, but it could also be deliberate obfuscation.

Walter Laqueur

Walter Laqueur is the director of the Institute for Contemporary History in London.

The resumé candidate.

Middle Man

Every liberal has to hope that one of the Democratic candidates for president will present the country with a coherent strategy for meeting the triple crises of the 1980s—inflation, energy insecurity, and international disorder—but none of them has done it yet. President Carter knows inflation is a problem, but can't stop it. Senator Kennedy would make it worse. Carter's energy policy has been inconsistent; Kennedy's, based on continued price controls, has been consistently bad. Carter is learning, at last, how nasty the world can be; Kennedy still thinks it's mostly our fault. The third Democrat in the race, Governor Brown, has some visionary ideas about US energy and economic policy, but they are mostly still visions, and he hasn't a clue about how the rest of the world is put together.

So unless the Democrats do some hard thinking, and fast, next year's Democratic nominee will offer the country a platform destined to make the 1980s a decade of woe—a decade of low productivity, falling living standards, increasing social friction at home, and uncompetitiveness and weakness in the world. If this happens, the country probably should elect a Republican, and probably will.

Which one? Liberals would doubtless find Representative John Anderson most congenial, combining, as he does, a productivity-based economic philosophy with a record of compassion and social concern. But the reality of Republican politics is that anyone a liberal could love doesn't stand a chance of nomination. As matters now stand, the choice seems to be narrowing down to three: Ronald Reagan, John Connally, and George Bush. Howard Baker still outranks Bush in the preference polls, but so far he has failed to put together a campaign that matches his popularity.

On paper and on brief personal inspection, the most attractive of the three probable finalists is Bush. His resumé is impeccable: decorated Navy fighter pilot (at 18, he was the youngest in the war), Yale Phi Beta Kappa, successful oil entrepreneur, two-term congressman, US ambassador to the United Nations, Republican national chairman, chief of the US mission to China, director of the Central Intelligence Agency. He has what Connally has and Reagan lacks—government experience at the national level and an education in international affairs. In person, he has what Reagan has and Connally lacks—charm, poise, a sense of decency and moderation.

Bush *is* capable of a touch of demagoguery when an enthusiastic crowd gets him burning. In Hampstead, New Hampshire, for example, he charged, falsely, that Kennedy and Carter health care plans would lead to "socialized medicine." He also vowed to fire "McGovern-type regulators" who allegedly are throttling free enterprise in the Carter administration. And he declared "I think it's time we got off the back of the FBI and the CIA," as if anyone is on them anymore.

On the whole, though, Bush's campaign style and his positions on issues are less strident than Connally's and less ideological than Reagan's. Unlike them, he does not toss around the word "appeasement" in describing administration policy toward the Soviet Union and Iran; he uses "naiveté" instead. He is against Carter's SALT II treaty, contending it's inequitable, but he acknowledges that nuclear arms racing is "madness" and promises to begin working right after election to negotiate a "better" treaty.

Bush's domestic and economic policies also are milder than Reagan's and Connally's. Bush opposes the Kemp-Roth one-third across-the-board tax cut that Reagan and other Republicans believe will unleash the productive energies of the country. Bush claims Kemp-Roth is an inflationary, "demand side" scheme, and proposes instead a tax cut of $20 billion—one-fifth the size of Kemp-Roth—designed to stimulate "supply," that is, investment. Half would go to corporations, half to individuals, especially those who are saving to purchase a home. Bush does not think the country can escape a recession; he does not think it's possible to control inflation without one, though he says he'd try to soften its impact.

Unlike Reagan, Bush has no wholesale plan to transfer federal programs to state control. He favors a limit on the *growth* of federal spending, and argues it is

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possible to cut taxes, raise defense spending by five billion to eight billion dollars a year, balance the budget by fiscal 1982, and not do violence to most social programs.

Again unlike Connally and Reagan, Bush favors a windfall profits tax on oil companies, with a "plowback" provision that would exclude profits reinvested in energy. Bush also does not disparage conservation as a pantywaist answer to the energy problem, but would include it as a part of a mix of solutions, along with decontrol of oil prices, careful nuclear development, and privately developed synthetic fuel plants.

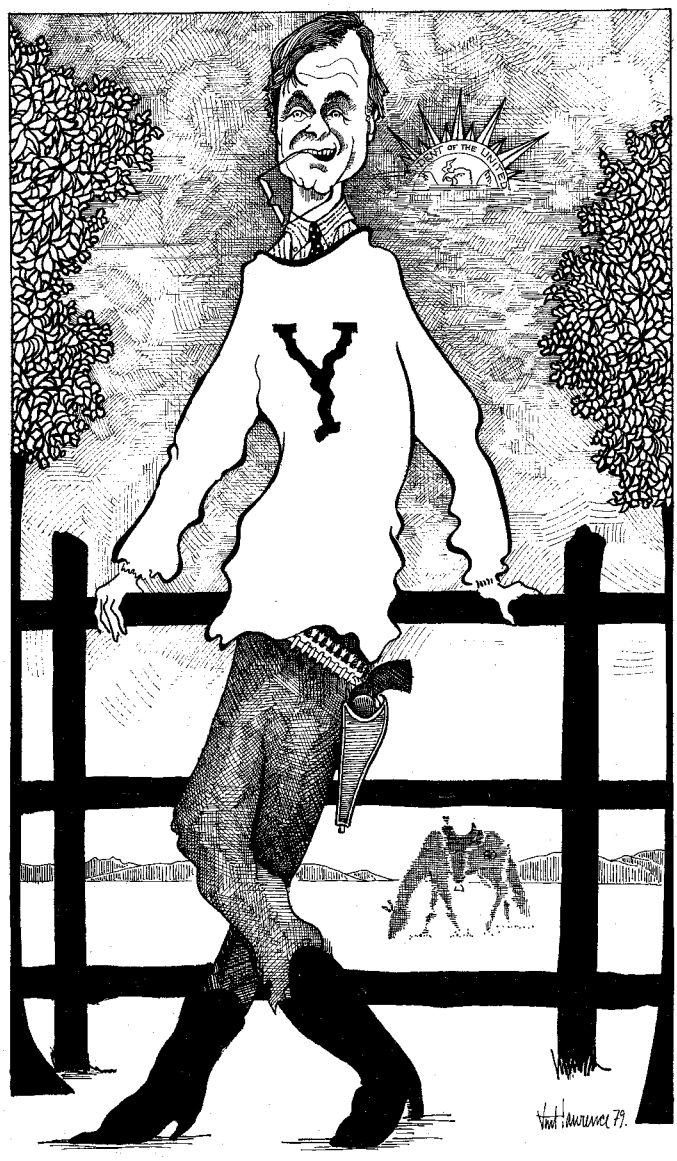
The main message one gets from Bush's campaign oratory is that he thinks the American system is essentially sound and not in need of radical change. Unlike Connally, he does not want to amend the constitution in various ways to alter basic relationships among the branches of government. Unlike Reagan, he does not want major shifts in US economic policy. His programs are all familiar Republican stuff, Arthur Burns's old-time religion with a Texas overlay of emphasis on production and a Connecticut Yankee's gestures of compassion toward the poor. Bush calls it all "idealistic," though it is not socially visionary. Yet neither is it mean-spirited or overreaching.

Now for the bad news. It begins with a trivial incident in New Hampshire last week. Bush was scheduled to fly from Keene to Lebanon, where his media adviser had scheduled an airport rally to be filmed for a campaign commercial. Heavy rains prevented Bush from flying, so he arrived at the Lebanon airport by car. Then he got into a little plane, taxied around in the rain to a hangar where his supporters were gathered, and got out for the filming as if he had just flown in. About half of those at the rally were wise to the ruse; the other half were not. A CBS-TV crew filming a "Sixty Minutes" segment on campaign commercials was not told what was happening. Voters who view the commercial never will be told.

Asked whether this deception violated his scruples, Bush replied: "It doesn't offend my scruples. This was a media event planned for making a commercial. If the people didn't know, we should have told them. But the enthusiasm was genuine. The people were cheering. If anyone feels offended or lied to or turned off, then I'd be concerned. If that's all [reporters] can find, you're in trouble. It doesn't worry me. We live in a part real, part unreal world. Everyone knows there are takes and retakes in this sort of thing."

Well, this is scarcely Watergate. But neither does it suggest any rigid dedication on Bush's part to truth-in-advertising. And it's a tiny introduction to the other side of Bush, which he is pleased to call his "realism," but which voters will want to watch to be sure he's not the kind of person who, as president, would get us into an unnecessary war.

Bush tells his audiences that poor Jimmy Carter "sees the world as he wishes it were, not as it really is." Bush says he knows it as it is, "a tough place." And of course it



drawing of George Bush by Vint Lawrence

is. To operate in it, Bush favors building a bigger navy, improving American intelligence, strengthening existing alliances, and forging new ones with, among others, the nations of the Western Hemisphere and the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN). And, he says, unlike the "vacillating" Jimmy Carter, he would "keep our commitments."

All of this is fine in theory. It is when Bush begins detailing what he deems to be America's "commitments" that I begin to question his judgment and even his Brahmin's aura of self-possession. It even makes me wonder whether his much-vaunted "experience" in international affairs—two years at the UN, 14 months in Peking, and a year at the CIA—gave him a really deep understanding of American interests, or just enough knowledge to make him dangerous.

According to Bush, "keeping commitments" means not just supporting Israel, NATO, Japan, Korea, and other traditional allies, but also keeping control of the Panama Canal, despite the enmity that would have earned the US in Latin America and the probability of a guerrilla war in the Canal Zone. It would have meant forgoing normalization of relations with the Peoples Republic of China in order to keep faith with Taiwan. Bush says good relations with China were possible

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without normalization, and he claims to have it straight from Mao Zedong that China would wait "one, 10, or 100 years" to conclude the process.

In view of this, Taiwan may have been a commitment worth honoring (though Taiwan does not seem to have suffered any in the breach). But what "commitment" does the US have to UNITA, the anti-Marxist guerrilla force in Angola? As a power play to prevent a Cuban-backed takeover of that country, it may have been advisable for the Central Intelligence Agency to provide arms aid to UNITA, but it was not a "commitment," as Bush said in New Hampshire.

Bush is being measured and responsible about Iran these days, but he has said previously that the United States should have done more to save the shah's throne last year, presumably by inspiring a military coup against Khomeini. He also charges that the Carter administration "hastened the downfall" of Anastasio Somoza in Nicaragua, and he is convinced this will lead "in a year or so" to "a Marxist-Leninist takeover" by the Sandinistas. He fears the same sort of thing is happening in Jamaica, Granada, and Guyana. Cuba is exporting revolution, Bush contends, and "Carter is extending his hand to Castro, while turning his back on our friends in Brazil and Argentina."

The problem is that "friends" like Somoza and the shah and those in Argentina always seem to be getting themselves in trouble with their own people. Bush rightly claims it's wrong and hypocritical for the US to flog Somoza while courting Castro, but real "realism" and prudent "commitment" do not compel us to become identified with every right-wing despot in the world.

Bush's chances of getting elected aren't great, but they are improving. He started early and has effective organizations working in Iowa, Puerto Rico, Arkansas, New Hampshire, and other early primary and caucus states. In New Hampshire, for example, the organization is led by former governor Hugh Gregg, who ran Ronald Reagan's 1976 New Hampshire campaign and almost won, *and* Representative James Cleveland, who ran President Ford's campaign and did win. When Bush visits the state he travels light, speaks to small groups, answers questions from the audiences, and walks the streets. Ronald Reagan, traveling with Secret Service and the rest of the trappings of an incumbent president, does none of this. Bush's campaign is like a guerrilla force trying to defeat a plodding army. The army ought to win on power. Reagan has the support of 35 percent of Republicans in the polls, after all, while Bush has yet to break 10 percent. But guerrilla forces do occasionally overcome the odds by choosing the time and place of battle and hitting swiftly. Bush just could do it.

If he did, could the Democrats beat him? With the Democrats in such intellectual disarray, and with Bush running as the handsome young gentleman moderate, probably not.

Morton Kondracke

For 25 years, doctors have been making their mental patients sicker.

Psychiatry's Drug Addiction

by Peter Sterling

"Judge Rules Mental Patients Sane, Doctors Crazy." Thus the headlines might have read on September 14. The inmates of New Jersey's five state mental hospitals had sued the state in a class action for the right to refuse psychoactive drugs. The patients claimed that the drugs with which they were being forcibly treated, far from relieving their illness, were causing them intolerable distress, impeding their recovery, and producing irreversible brain damage. The federal judge ruled that refusal of a drug, even by a patient who is psychotic, can "be prompted by a quite rational desire to avoid unpleasant side effects and a realistic appraisal that the medication is not helping. . . ." The judge chastized hospital physicians and state authorities for administering the drugs irresponsibly, often punitively, and for their "conscious and deliberate indifference to breaches of patients rights."

The treatment of the insane in New Jersey reflects standard practice across the country. Over the last 25 years psychotropic drugs have become virtually the universal and sole treatment for mental patients. But these drugs are toxic. The drugs at issue are the phenothiazines such as chlorpromazine and the butyrophenones such as haloperidol. They affect transmission of chemical signals between nerve cells,

Dr. Peter Sterling does brain research at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine. He testified for the plaintiffs in the New Jersey case discussed in this article.

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especially neurons sensitive to the neurochemical, dopamine. Since these neurons are widely distributed in the brain from the retina to the frontal lobe, no single brain region remains unaffected.

The toxic effects of these drugs are extraordinarily varied. Some effects such as chronically dry mouth, blurred vision, and inability to ejaculate stem from the suppression of neural mechanisms that control glands and "involuntary" muscles. Other more serious effects stem from the disruption of normal neurochemical activity in "motor" areas of the brain. For example, the drugs commonly induce the symptoms of Parkinson's disease: trembling of the limbs, rigidity of the muscles, and "akinesia," literally an inability to move.

"Akathisia" is another common toxic effect, and one that would drive a sane man crazy. Its external signs are a motor restlessness, constant pacing, and fidgeting of the fingers, legs, lips, and jaws. Akathisia is experienced subjectively as an inability to find a comfortable position for one's body, so that the desire to move is constant and compelling. This toxic syndrome often is accompanied by states of intolerable anxiety or abject terror. Mistaking this toxic condition for mental illness frequently leads the psychiatrist to *increase* the drug dose, intensifying the akathisia to unbearable levels.

The most disfiguring and disabling of all the toxic drug effects is "tardive dyskinesia." This is a rapid, wholly involuntary writhing of the face, lips, tongue, jaws, and occasionally the limbs and trunk. These movements are so severe in one of the New Jersey plaintiffs that she is unable to wear dentures and must live on ground food. Another plaintiff suffers tardive dyskinesia as a Dante-esque torture: he continually bites his tongue. This disorder reflects permanent damage to certain parts of the brain's motor system; by the time it is diagnosed in most patients, it is too late to be reversed. Paradoxically, the syndrome is frequently *exacerbated* by withdrawal of the drugs which caused it. Despite a frantic search for new drugs to counteract it, tardive dyskinesia is without cure or prospect for one, except to restore the offending drugs. This may suppress temporarily some of the symptoms, but it will continue to cause unseen damage to the brain.

Tardive dyskinesia appears almost inexorably after years of chronic drug use, and older patients bear the highest risks. Roughly half the geriatric patients in New Jersey's state hospitals suffer tardive dyskinesia. As a result of this iatrogenic (physician-caused) disorder, a patient who recovers from his mental disorder continues to *look* crazy because of his bizarre movements. He is an object of suspicion and taunts by other patients and staff and, following release, as one may well imagine, by the general public.

The hospital staffs in New Jersey systematically ignore these toxic effects and attribute complaints about them to the patients' illness. The medical director of one state institution conceded at the trial that a quarter to a half of the patients at his hospital might suffer from tardive dyskinesia, yet not a single patient's chart in that hospital bears the diagnosis. A nurse who insisted on charting one patient's abnormal movements was chastized for doing so by her superiors. A psychiatrist for the defense testified that most patients suffering drug-induced tardive dyskinesia are unaware that they have the disorder and "are not troubled by it." He went on to say that refusal to take drugs is an expression of the patients' illness and that "mini-epidemics" of drug refusal occur when "a couple of patients go around agitating each other to refuse medication. . . ."

Such attitudes displayed by the psychiatrists quite naturally lead the rest of the staff to deny the toxic effects of the drugs they administer, and to respond with cruelty rather than sympathy to complaints. The plaintiff who couldn't wear her dentures because of tardive dyskinesia was taunted by staff, who implied she was faking. When John Rennie, the leading plaintiff in the suit, refused to take drugs, he was beaten by an attendant ("human services technician"). Rennie's protest at the beating was dismissed as paranoia until he showed an official "patient advocate" where the stick was kept at the nurses' station. A more subtle way of intimidating patients who try to refuse medication is the threat of "Prolixin." This drug produces especially high incidence of akathisia and akinesia and, not uncommonly, a dramatic exacerbation of psychosis. Prolixin is given by needle in a long-lasting form; patients know that in refusing tablets of Thorazine or Haldol, they risk a two-week shot of Prolixin.

The staff of mental hospitals are not moved by idle cruelty, but rather by a rigid determination to continue administering the drugs. What is the source of this compulsion? The behavior of the psychiatric profession in this regard has the earmarks of a drug addiction. All the classic requirements for addiction were present in 1954 when chlorpromazine was introduced: a vulnerable population, pushers, and a powerful substance. Psychiatry was vulnerable because it suffered from the scorn long heaped upon it by the other medical specialties for having no therapy to offer but "talk." It was being encroached upon, furthermore, by the professions of psychology and social work with equally valid claims to provide talk therapy. And the nation's mental hospitals were bulging with more than half a million patients. The availability of "medicine" to treat the insane reinforced the concept that insanity is a medical illness. The drug gave psychiatry a chance to establish decisively its own niche in medicine, and hegemony in the treatment of the insane.

The drug was pushed hard with only the briefest glance at its toxicity. In 1953 Smith, Kline, and French purchased the rights to chlorpromazine ("Thorazine"), based on its demonstrated efficacy as an "anti-emetic," to control nausea and vomiting. As late as December 1953, only five months before it was marketed, chlorpromazine had been tested as a tranquilizer on only 104 psychiatric patients in the United States.

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Thirteen months later it was being administered to about two million American patients. SKF mounted an impressive sales drive, adding a special Thorazine task force of 50 salesmen to its regular sales force of 300 for all products. The company convinced state legislatures to increase mental health appropriations and convinced hospitals to use the funds for the purchase of Thorazine. Much of SKF's growth, from net sales of $53 million in 1953 to $347 million in 1970, came from the success of Thorazine.

The other drug companies were not far behind, and chlorpromazine was followed by a variety of similar drugs. Next came other drugs intended to counteract some of the side effects of the tranquilizers. Psychotropic drugs, now manufactured by the ton, filled about 250 million prescriptions in 1974. Today it is common for a schizophrenic patient to receive up to six drugs simultaneously that have both reinforcing and opposing effects on the brain. Only psychiatrists, among mental health professionals, are permitted to determine the proper ingredients for this bouillabaisse.

The drugs are undeniably potent in treating the *symptoms* of psychosis. When a patient arrives straitjacketed at the hospital raving that he is Christ or the Alpha-Omega, a shot of chlorpromazine appears to work a miracle. In a few hours he is calmer. He may still be deluded, but the intensity with which he presses his claims has abated. The chemical is not merely a sedative like the barbiturates: it can moderate the stark withdrawal of a catatonic as dramatically as it calms the excited patient. "Double-blind" studies prove that patients maintained on drugs within the hospital are more manageable. Compared to patients on placebos, their scores are low on the "Behavioral Disturbance Index" and high on the "Hospital Adjustment Scale."

This impressive effect led many psychiatrists to claim that the drugs act on the "core" of psychosis, that they are true "antischizophrenic" agents. Some hoped, too, that patients released with their symptoms suppressed by "maintenance" doses could rejoin the general community. But 25 years after chlorpromazine was introduced, these hopes have not been realized. It has become clear the drugs do *not* strike the core of psychosis. Studies have shown that patients treated with drugs, despite their apparently greater lucidity, are not more amenable to psychotherapy. In fact, patients on the drugs generally do not benefit at all from traditional psychotherapy. This finding probably reflects the harmful effects of the drugs, but it has been used as a reason for allowing psychotherapeutic programs of all kinds to deteriorate.

Most patients released from the hospital on "maintenance" drugs have not successfully rejoined the community. Typically these patients lead isolated lives in rooming houses at the community margins, where they often are cheated of their welfare checks by unscrupulous landlords. Roughly half to three-quarters of the patients on "maintenance" drugs relapse and return to the hospital. Patients treated with drugs in the hospital and taken off the drugs at release also relapse at high rates. Patients who never received drugs fare best when released.

The blunting of consciousness, motivation, and the ability to solve problems under the influence of chlorpromazine resembles nothing so much as the effects of frontal lobotomy. The lobotomy syndrome was familiar to psychiatrists in 1954 because so many lobotomized patients had accumulated in mental hospitals. Research has suggested that lobotomies and chemicals like chlorpromazine may cause their effects in the same way, by disrupting the activity of the neurochemical, dopamine. At any rate, a psychiatrist would be hard-put to distinguish a lobotomized patient from one treated with chlorpromazine. Psychiatry once hoped that lobotomy also would make patients "amenable" to psychotherapy. It is clear in retrospect that neither surgery nor drug treatment could have that result because progress in psychotherapy requires not lack of interest from the patient, but wits and drive.

Mental hospitals began to empty after 1955. New Jersey state hospitals, for example, held 15,000 patients then and only about 4000 today. This massive "decarceration" is widely credited to the success of the psychotropic drugs, but there is really no evidence for this. The rates of release from mental hospitals began to rise in the United States and England in the late 1940s and early 1950s, before the drugs were introduced. Prison release rates also began to rise shortly afterward. The trend toward decarceration in both kinds of institutions resulted from a recognition of the astronomical costs of the new hospitals and prisons that would be required without a reversal of the trend toward incarceration. The availability of drugs cannot explain the increased release rates in prisons, nor for the high release rates for patients with chronic brain syndromes who rarely were treated with drugs.

The practice of Dr. Thomas Monro, physician of Bedlam in 1815, was to bleed, vomit, and purge all patients, beginning at the end of May. Conceding to investigators from Parliament the uselessness of these therapies, he explained, "That has been the practice invariably for years. . . . It was handed down to me by my father, and I do not know any better practice." The admission was particularly poignant, for by that time the success of "moral therapy" in treating the insane was well established. Since 1792 the York Retreat in England had calmed agitated patients by establishing an atmosphere of tranquillity. The Retreat relied on gentle supervision, warm baths, ample food, and porter, a malt liquor. Liquor was not used as an intoxicant, but to help patients recapture their sense of well-being. The physical design of the Retreat affirmed its therapeutic concept—private rooms lit by unbarred windows.

Moral treatment was effective. Between 1796 and 1861 the York Retreat discharged 71 percent of the patients who had been admitted within three months of illness onset. Worcester State Hospital in Massa-

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chusetts, using the same approach during the years 1833-46, discharged 70 percent of those admitted within a year of illness onset. This figure is the more impressive since 10 to 20 percent of the admissions were for general paralysis (syphilis). Worcester's monumental 50-year follow-up study completed in 1893 showed that half of those released experienced no relapse and of the relapsing cases, only half were permanently rehospitalized. Few studies of drug treatment can claim so good a record.

The practice of moral therapy deteriorated under the impact of the industrial revolution, but has been revived during periods of social optimism. Following World War II, many hospitals again abolished physical restraints and solitary confinement. Staff once more mobilized patients to govern themselves on the wards and devised for them useful activities such as in-hospital work. Hospital staffs were reeducated to appeal to every possibility a patient might offer for reintegration and growth. The results, after almost a century of purely custodial care, were dramatic. This was the period in which lobotomy declined and mental hospital release rates began to rise.

These social techniques demand more skill, dedication, and money than drug therapy does. Some psychiatrists hoped that drugs would provide a useful adjunct to moral treatment, but the opposite occurred. Patients numbed by drugs could not benefit from moral treatment, so it declined, leaving the psychiatrists, now addicted, ever more starkly dependent on the drugs. Today, when a patient has received his medications and been introduced to the ward boob tube, he has had all of what psychiatry offers in state hospitals.

Yet certain hospitals continue to experiment with moral therapy. The judge in the New Jersey case heard testimony about a small ward in a National Institute of Health facility where acutely psychotic patients were maintained without medication while they established relationships with other patients and staff. Patients contrasted sharply their experiences on and off the drug. On drugs they felt more comfortable and less frightened. "They cared less about things but they also had a feeling that they were somehow stuck in their experience. . . ." Off drugs, they had more anxiety, panic, and sleeplessness, but a greater "sense of being able to master their own experiences and some sense of being able to get out of something they'd been stuck in for many years." Off medication, patients had "a sense of at least experiencing their own experiences" and gained confidence, as they saw themselves improving without medication, that they were people who could cope.

The federal court in New Jersey ruled that patients must be informed of the potential harmful effects of the psychotropic drugs and told they have a right to refuse medication even after they have signed a consent form. The hospitals will have trouble ignoring or circumventing the ruling because New Jersey has a strong Division of Mental Health Advocacy. It was this division that employed the dedicated patient advocates to conduct the case on behalf of the patients. With luck, the case may even help psychiatry to kick its drug habit and focus once again on the more demanding, yet rewarding, practice of modern moral therapy.

Religion is reemerging as a political force throughout the third world.

The Islam Explosion

by Michael Walzer

Events of the past year, and especially of the past few weeks, in Iran have startled many people into considering a topic that previously had seemed antique: religion as a political force. Within the range of ideas currently used to understand national and international conflict, religion has virtually no place. Aggression, colonialism, national liberation, class struggle: these are the terms that our journalists and political writers employ, picked up in their college courses or, more easily, from the general atmosphere. Most of these writers have regarded religious belief as an anachronism, the religious crusade a thing of the past, religious fervor the mere reflection of more serious interests and commitments. But the turmoil in Iran has demonstrated vividly that all these common propositions are false, and reflection suggests that they also lead to radical misunderstandings of political struggles like those in Northern Ireland, Cyprus, and Lebanon. Islam, the largest and most important religion of the "underdeveloped" countries, is a central focus of political conflict all over the third world. Indeed, Islam is politically crucial today to a degree that Christianity has

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not been since the age of the crusades or the Reformation. But only a few scholars have written about its role in contemporary wars and civil wars. The rest of us are blinded by the parochial secularism of our own culture.

The political power of Islam has been encroaching on Western consciousness for several years. Consider an event that stopped short of war: the extraordinary march of tens of thousands of Moroccan men and women into the Spanish Sahara in 1975, each one holding a copy of the Koran and chanting religious hymns. Of course, the march was not spontaneous; it was prearranged by the Morrocan authorities (with the agreement of the Spaniards), and it might be treated—it was treated—as a minor if exotic episode in the unlamented demise of European colonialism. But it obviously had some further meaning for the marchers which no one in the West, so far as I know, bothered to speculate about. I'm not sure what that meaning was; I am no expert on Moroccan religious culture. But it's not implausible to suggest that they were celebrating the return of Islam to one of its historic territories and the expansion of an Islamic state at the expense of a non-Islamic one. It's hard to imagine a comparable expression of Christian enthusiasm today. There are some orthodox Jews who have tried a similar approach to the occupied West Bank, but in general contemporary Judaism also does not generate this sort of fervor. Nor does this fervor, any more than in Jewish or Christian history, often take such peaceful forms.

There have been several more violent episodes recently, even before this past year, in which Islamic piety seems to have played a crucial role. I list them as a layman, not as a scholar, in order to suggest that there is something unsatisfactory about the secularist conventions of our conventional wisdom, and in order to provoke some discussion about a particular religion which I cannot claim to know well.

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In 1965, after an abortive bid for power by the Communist party, Indonesia went through a period of political convulsions leading eventually to the overthrow of President Sukarno and the establishment of a military regime. In the course of these convulsions, between 100,000 and 400,000 men, women, and children were murdered—dragged from their homes, collected in large groups, and shot or stabbed to death. Since the people killed were called Communists, these events generally were hailed in the West as a cold war victory. But what looked like a political massacre also was apparently a Moslem pogrom directed against "Communist infidels" (leftists of all sorts) and also against the local Chinese community. The Chinese, racially as well as religiously alien, and easily recognized, were especially common targets. The army did some of the killing, but much of it was unorganized and popular in character. "Islam clearly played an important part in the murders," an historian has written. Moslem youth groups are said to have been active. Perhaps political motives were more significant than religious ones in shaping these events; perhaps not. But part of what was going on was a religious revolt, an expression of the underlying faith of the masses, which wasn't and isn't leftist or rightist, but simply Moslem.

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For the past several years, there has been intermittent fighting in the southern Philippines, involving an effort by Moslem rebels to win autonomy or independence. The revolt is partly regional and ethnic in character, but what seems to define both the region and the ethnic group is the religion of the people. Characteristically, the rebels have received financial help from Libya, the Libyans acting apparently on the general principle that all national liberation struggles should be supported and on the specific principle that Moslems should never be ruled by non-Moslems.

* * *

The Pakistani repression in Bengal (later Bangladesh) in 1971, which also involved widespread massacres, though it clearly was politically inspired, seems once again to have taken a religious form. The Punjabi soldiers who did most of the killing were told that they were involved in a *jihad* or holy war against Bengali Hindus and "kinduized" Moslems, lost to the true faith. One can talk here of religious fervor cynically exploited by political leaders, but there is at least a possibility that the leaders share the fervor they exploit. Certainly the men ruling in West Pakistan believed that their country should be and could only be held together as an Islamic state, and that what was required in the East was first of all a purge and then a campaign for the "Islamization of the masses." They not only told their soldiers that the struggle was religious; they saw it (at least partly) in those terms themselves. The present rulers of Pakistan have taken many steps to turn it into a truly Islamic state, and President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq has strongly endorsed the Khomeini regime in Iran. The Islamabad mob which destroyed the American embassy last month was clearly acting out of a religious passion shared throughout the society.

The Lebanese civil war, which Western journalists persistently have described in left/right terms, is in fact a struggle between two groups radically defined by their religious faiths. The left/right terminology had some relevance early on: the Christians, it might be said, were fighting to maintain their dominant position in Lebanese society, and since that dominance was expressed chiefly in capitalist economic activity, they were plausibly called right-wing. But in recent years they have been fighting quite simply for their survival as an autonomous or semi-autonomous religious community. If the "leftists" were to win, Lebanon would quickly be turned into an Islamic state in which the Christians would be a subordinate (though probably, once the fighting had been brought to a close

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and adequate revenge taken, a tolerated) minority. It's important to note that even their on-again, off-again ally, President Assad of Syria, has always resolutely opposed full autonomy for the Christians. A Christian state, he said in a speech on July 20, 1976, would be more dangerous and more hostile to the Arab cause than Israel is. Since the Christians are themselves Arabs, a statement of this sort can only be understood in religious terms. There is no room in the Islamic world view for either Christian or Jewish sovereignty, and a Christian state would be more dangerous than a Jewish state because there are more Christians than Jews in the world to whom it might look for support.

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The Arab struggle against Israel obviously is religious in character: the wars are commonly called holy wars by government publicists. These same publicists address themselves to the international community in secular terms, but to their own people they speak very differently. This is especially true of the Palestinian movement, even though many of its leading intellectuals, and the most radical among them, are Christians. Christian intellectuals have played a part in the Moslem world remarkably similar to that of Jews in the Christian world. Members of a minority group, they have seized upon the ideas of secular democracy and socialism as the key to equality (and perhaps also assimilation) for themselves. But these ideas are not animating principles among the Palestinian rank and file—or, at least, they are not the only animating principles. The character of the alternative and probably more popular doctrine is suggested by the symbolism of Fatáh, the leading group in the PLO. Bernard Lewis has pointed out, "The name Fatah is a technical term meaning a conquest for Islam gained in the Holy War." Fatah's military communiqués regularly begin with the Moslem invocation, "In the name of God, the Merciful and the Compassionate."

* * *

The revolt of tribesmen in the southern Sudan against the government in Khartoum resembled somewhat the Pakistan case. Here too the government sought to solve the problem of political and ethnic division by a campaign for Islamization—though in this case the victims of the campaign (and, again, of a savage military repression) were in fact non-Moslems, largely animists. The rebels had little foreign support, but they fought with courage and resourcefulness and managed to force a compromise settlement, which has held for the past seven years. President Numeiry, one of the architects of that compromise, is commonly regarded as a friend of the West; hence his political enemies (supported by the Libyans) are called radicals or leftists. In Sudanese terms, it would be more accurate to call Numeiry a religious moderate, willing to make his peace with a non-Islamic south; his enemies are religious fanatics, committed to Islamization.

A Moslem rebellion against the government of Chad in central Africa has produced intermittent fighting over a period of many years. This has mostly been reported in the West as another example of Libyan subversion (and the French have come in on the other side). But the revolt presumably has indigenous support, or it would not have gone on so long. It seems to be supported by tribesmen fiercely loyal to Islam—loyal, perhaps, in exactly the way Colonel Qaddafi is.

* * *

Now, with the exception of the Lebanese and Arab-Israeli struggles, none of these cases overlap. They are differently shaped by local factors, and the precise entanglements of religion, ethnicity, and politics vary greatly from one country to another. Although the Libyans seem to think in terms of Moslem unity and to project a coordinated struggle for the true faith, the Islamic world is in fact politically divided and will remain so—as the Lebanese civil war and the current conflict between Algeria and Morroco clearly indicate. No Islamic crusade is in the making. What these cases suggest is something very different; the persistence in different national settings of a religious faith too deep, too crucial a feature of personal and communal identity, to be denied a political expression. Sometimes this expression plays into rebellions, sometimes into repressions, sometimes into holy wars. It brings to all three extraordinary popular energy and zeal.

"Persistence" is perhaps the wrong word here. The liberation of European colonies, the establishment of new states, the mobilization of masses of people for political and economic development—all these have combined to give Islam a new importance and new power. For it is the indigenous culture that these processes bring forward, shattering the thin (colonialist) facade of liberalism, secularism, socialism, or democracy. When the people arrive in the arena of modern politics, they bring with them their traditional loyalties, preserved in language, folkways, and religious ceremony against the facile transformations of foreign conquests and advanced technologies. In much of the third world, they bring Islam with them.

We had thought that the different countries of our globe were growing more alike. But that's not so, at least it's not so in the way we thought it was. From Indonesia to the west coast of Africa, the Islamic world is growing more Islamic, a process that is hard on those minorities in its midst, who were long tolerated by the colonial authorities. This process also makes for trouble all along Islam's borders, where Moslems and non-Moslems must work out their relationships in a period of rapidly shifting relative strengths. Conflicts are certain to occur, different in their substantive causes, but similar in their religious form. There is no reason to regard all these conflicts in the same way. Western liberals and leftists may sympathize with Moslem rebels in this or that case; one hopes that liberals will oppose repressions and holy wars in all cases. But if our

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judgments are to be rational ones, we must look straightforwardly at what is going on and try to see it in its own terms, not in our own. That means above all that we must remind ourselves of the power of religious zeal and recognize also the power of the one religion still capable of generating zeal among large numbers of its followers. Iran makes all this clear at last, even to the secularized journalists who, bewildered, have had to cover the story.

Throughout Islam, the most common political leaders are feudal princes and army officers. The officers often have been radicals, or have called themselves radicals, but until the rise of Qaddafi in Libya, they rarely claimed to be religious leaders. Nasser stirred Arab, not Moslem, enthusiasm. These leaders have repressed religious zeal as often as they have supported and exploited it, and they have maintained a tight rein on groups like the Moslem Brotherhood. Now, in Iran, we can begin to see the establishment of a new kind of religious/political leader: the mullah, the ayatollah, the imam. Certainly the Ayatollah Khomeini has made all those Western leftists who thought Islam nothing more than the local idiom of a liberationist politics look foolish indeed. We have to attend to the subtance of Islamic political culture.

That substance differs in different historical settings and among different religious sects. Apparently Islam can coexist, precariously, with a secular and civilian regime, as it does now in Malaysia, Turkey, Egypt, and Tunisia. But in all these countries, and most dangerously in Turkey and Egypt, there is a religious opposition aspiring to a government that is a more authentic expression of Islamic principles. What are these principles, in the minds of ordinary Moslem men and women? I am not sure. If we allow Khomeini to be our teacher, the report cannot be a happy one. What has emerged in predominantly Shi'ite Iran (and what the Moslem Brotherhood seems to represent among Sunni Moslems) is a kind of clerical fascism. I use the term advisedly to describe the use of armed mobs under traditional religious leadership to repress every aspect of modernist culture and politics. The program of the mullahs is anti-secular, anti-liberal, anti-feminist, and it seems to have the support of the groups usually associated with fascist politics: the urban petit-bourgeoisie and lumpenproletariat, and the rural masses.

The feudal rulers and modern politicians of the Islamic world (Saudi princes, the Ba'athists, President Sadat) are hostile to the extravagances of the Khomeini regime. Only the PLO, the Libyans, and the Pakistanis have explicity endorsed Khomeini's policies. But the strain of Islamic militancy is now loose from Indonesia to North Africa, and none of the existing governments is likely to be surefooted in confronting it. Many will accommodate themselves; some will fall. The new governments won't be attractive, at least not in Western eyes. Given current conditions in much of the Islam, popular revolutions are not going to produce a democratic or a socialist politics. Indeed, much has to happen before a decent revolution is possible: secularization above all, the separation of church and state, the defeat of clerical pretensions. Perhaps there is something to be said for the old Marxist theory of historical stages. What we should be hoping for in countries like Iran is an Islamic Protestantism and a national bourgeoisie—or, barring that, an Attaturk more canny and more human than the shah.

The Russians aren't more meddlesome than we are. They're just better at it.

Soviet Adventurism

by William Sweet

If ever there was compelling demonstration of the limitations of armed might, it is the impasse over the US hostages in Iran. Even with the world's mightiest intervention forces at its disposal, the US can do nothing by military means to free the hostages, and everybody knows it. Yet everybody also agrees that one result of the Iran crisis will be stronger pressure for increased US defense spending. "Looking to the aftermath of the situation in Iran," a respected Washington newsletter recently stated, "the real winner be the Pentagon." Mounting concern about Soviet military power has made increased US defense spending virtually a foregone conclusion. In Iran the USSR has acted with great restraint. But in future crises, which are likely to occur if the US position continues to deteriorate in many volatile parts of the third world, the temptation for Russia may be greater.

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Russia today is equipped to undertake actions on a scale and over distances that would have been unthinkable a decade ago. Permanent Soviet fleets now patrol the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean, and West African waters, and Soviet ships make regular appearances in the Caribbean. The Soviet navy is designed mainly for anti-submarine warfare and for defense against US naval power in a major world war, but at times of crisis the modern Russian ships can and do harass American vessels to significant political effect. Between 1965 and 1977 the USSR more than doubled its airlift capacity. Its largest transport planes are smaller than America's giant C-5As, but Russia demonstrated its ability to stage large airlifts in the Mideast war of 1973 and the Ethiopia intervention of 1977-78.

An important study which the Brookings Institution submitted to the Pentagon in September concluded that the "use of Soviet armed forces as a political instrument in world affairs is increasingly a function of decisionmaking calculations in the Kremlin rather than of the USSR's ability to intervene militarily." In other words, the Russians needn't decide so often whether they *can* make trouble, only whether they want to. The Brookings study, *Mailed Fist, Velvet Glove: Soviet Armed Forces as a Political Instrument*, examines Russia's use of military power to influence foreign behavior without actual sustained violence. It complements an earlier Brookings study, *Force Without War*, which examined the "discrete" use of force by the US in the three decades after World War II (see review in *TNR*, March 31).

Taken together, *Mailed Fist* and *Force Without War* provide a comprehensive account of how the superpowers have chosen to throw their weight around in the postwar period. Rather than focus on the large-scale military interventions that we all know about, however, the two studies concentrate on shows of force designed mainly to influence rather than coerce governments. The dispatch of US carriers to Iran is just the sort of incident the studies deal with. The studies found that the US mounted 215 limited military operations between 1945 and 1975, or 7.2 per year, whereas the USSR staged 187 similar operations between 1944 and 1979, or 5.3 per year. Since certain types of operations such as arms transfers are included in the Soviet study but not in its US counterpart, the United States probably has been rather more activist by comparison with the Soviet Union than the averages indicate. Not included in the averages, of course, are the two wars—Korea and Vietnam—in which the US fought while the USSR just supplied the opposing side.

In the particularly sensitive area of nuclear threats, the US has been much more aggressive than the USSR. Russia has issued rather vague nuclear threats on several occasions, notably during the Khrushchev era, but it is known to have actually raised the alert status of its strategic forces only once, during the Cuban missile crisis. The US, on the other hand, delivered overt and direct nuclear threats to the USSR four times and has changed the deployment of its strategic forces in a threatening manner on 14 or 15 occasions. Both superpowers have become more restrained in issuing nuclear threats as the USSR has moved toward strategic parity with the US. But the Brookings studies find little relationship between the nuclear balance and the frequency or success of limited military operations.

Roughly three-quarters of the Soviet actions have been directed at Eastern Europe or contiguous areas in Asia, and only 25 percent have been in the third world. The US, on the other hand, mounted just 28 percent of its operations in Europe and 72 percent in the third world. Out of 44 especially large-scale Soviet military operations since 1945, three-fifths took place during the Stalin years. As political tactics, these actions were remarkably unsuccessful. Moves such as special maneuvers of Warsaw Pact forces generally failed to intimidate governments and peoples, and in the end only full-scale military intervention brought the targeted nations to heel.

In recent years, the pattern has begun to change. Until 1956 the USSR staged no limited operations whatsoever in the third world. Since then it has become increasingly active. From 1967 to 1974, the Brookings study reports, there was "something of a storm in Soviet political-military activity." US operations have occurred much less often since 1966 than in the earlier period. In recent years they have been especially infrequent and ineffective. Whereas recent US interventions have tended to be half-hearted and self-indulgent—consider the Mayaguez incident—the USSR has staged incisive and well-organized operations, for example in Angola (1975) and Ethiopia (1977-78). This, basically, is what has people concerned about Soviet adventurism.

Frequently, limited Soviet military support for third world governments has resulted in closer political relations and Russian access to military facilities, but as a rule the glue between Moscow and its third world clients has not been strong. On many occasions a client has told the Russians to get out, and often they have left of their own accord. Generally the USSR has been willing to stand by and let a client be punished for a transgression, provided that the punishment was not too severe—resulting, say, in the seizure of territory or the fall of a regime. "Clearly, the security of the USSR has counted for a great deal more in the Kremlin than any principle of fraternal solidarity or the particular interests of its friends. Attempts by allies to manipulate Soviet behavior have not worked at all well," the Brookings study says.

Despite rhetoric about the sanctity of wars of national liberation, the USSR has not given direct military support to communist forces seeking to overthrow established third world governments since 1945. In China, North Vietnam, and Cuba, the USSR provided military aid only after communist forces took power. North Korea, China, Cuba, and North Vietnam

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received massive assistance in defense against US threats or military actions, but "Soviet armed forces units were used only in very limited ways and then with extreme caution." The first time the Soviet Union used transport aircraft outside the communist bloc was in the Congo crisis of 1960, when Russia supplied modest support to Lumumba. But Moscow turned a deaf ear to Lumumba's desperate pleas for effective assistance. Soviet military actions were very cautious and limited in crises over Suez (1956), Jordon (1957), Syria (1957), Cuba (1961), and Laos (1959-62). By the mid-1960s Soviet friends in the third world had noticed that Moscow provided them with little support beyond rhetoric. But the 1967 Mideast war "brought the Kremlin over a hurdle" and "marked a major change in Soviet willingness to use armed forces to support third world nations." During the late 1960s and early 1970s, Russia increasingly sent its expanding navy to visit countries in Africa and the Mideast. The Soviet navy was deployed effectively to deter offensive US action against Syria when Syria threatened to intervene in Jordan in 1970, in response to King Hussein's efforts to destroy the armed Palestinian presence. The Soviet navy played a similar role in the 1971 Indo-Pakistani war of 1971 and, of course, in the 1973 Mideast war.

In every instance the USSR supported the recognized government of a sovereign nation, and even in Angola it intervened on a large scale only when the MPLA already had won wide international recognition.

In Ethiopia, Cuba refused to participate in the campaign against the Eritreans, on grounds that the issue should be resolved by political rather than military means. The USSR initially tried to get Somalia and Ethiopia to come to terms, rather as it succeeded in getting Iran and Iraq to compose their differences in 1975. When that failed, the USSR had no difficulty in deciding to ditch Somalia for Ethiopia. Ethiopia held up the prospect of superior ports and a generally superior strategic position, and as far as most African states were concerned Russia was seen to have supported the territorial integrity of sovereign Ethiopia against the imperial claims of neighboring Somalia. Even so, the USSR undoubtedly got some bad press in the third world for the cynicism with which it deserted an ally of long standing, and—as the list of protagonists in the Ethiopia crisis indicates—any intervention on the edges of the Mideast involves incalculable consequences. "Ranged alongside Ethiopia were Kenya, Libya, South Yemen, Israel, and the Palestinian organizations, as well as the Soviet Union, Cuba, and Yugoslavia. Support for Somalia and Eritrea came from Saudi Arabia, Iraq, Syria, Iran, Sudan, and Egypt."

The Russian intervention in support of the Ethiopian government's efforts to squash the 1977 rebellion in Eritrea represented the first Soviet effort to help consolidate a communist regime outside Eastern Europe, and the massive airlift that Russia launched in support of that objective sent tremors through the Mideast. The Mideast is where Russia's third world operations have been most extensive, and where fear of Soviet adventurism has been most lively. The contributors to the Brookings study attribute Soviet behavior in the Mideast to a variety of conflicting motives: a desire for diffuse influence in the region that goes back to Peter the Great; a quest for basing facilities for its expanding navy; an effort to curry favor among ideologically sympathetic regimes and other, not necessarily so sympathetic, anti-Israeli forces; and an overriding desire to stabilize relations with the United States. Because of its eagerness to avoid confrontation with the United States, the USSR has had a "frustrating, dissonant, and counterproductive relationship" with its Mideast clients.

Everything we know about Soviet leaders indicates that they are old, cautious to a fault, fearful of change, and cynical. These are the very qualities that have characterized their military activities in the third world. In no sense can Soviet military policy be called adventuristic. The USSR always has been very reluctant to put its own troops into combat. When it has chosen to launch a military operation, it has done so with a sharp view to limited objectives and with close attention to the risk of confrontation with the US. Desire for basing facilities for its fleet, which it deployed mainly to deter the strategic threat from US carriers and submarines, has counted for as much as or more than socialist solidarity with the third world.

Russian leaders may be old and cynical, but they are not senile and incompetent. If anything comes through in the Brookings study, it is the shrewdness and effectiveness with which Russia has pursued its objectives in the third world. While the US roamed the world like a clumsy giant for two decades, under the pretense that it faced an indiscriminately expansive world communist conspiracy, the USSR took care to manage its third world relations with caution and sensitivity. The USSR never launched far-flung covert operations designed to topple an internationally recognized government. Nor has it made, as far as we know, any systematic efforts to assassinate leaders of third world countries. It has provided assistance to sovereign governments when asked and when it saw assistance as serving its self-interest, and when it has been asked to leave it has left.

Even after five years of greater military restraint, the US continues to pay the price for the foolish policies of the 1950s and 1960s. America's imperial role in the third world, together with the abuses many US-based multinational companies continue to perpetrate in poor countries, virtually assures that Iran will not be the last time a people in revolution challenges the US presence. The Brookings study indicates that Russian leaders will not be averse to taking advantage of such situations, should they see the opportunity to take some easy pickings. But it also indicates they will behave with restraint if they see the US taking a firm, rational, workable approach.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

A Japanese Eye

It's risky to single out cinematography for praise. It makes the film sound otherwise dull, particularly in these days when gorgeousness is pretty general and pretty cheap. Yet a new Japanese film, *The Ballad of Orin*, gives me no alternative. In terms of its script and acting and direction, the film is good, perceptive, moving. But the cinematography—I'm trying to speak carefully—is the most subtle color work I've seen. It's not a visual sauce poured on a plain or less plain dish: it sustains and fixes the gravity of the whole work.

First, the other elements. Orin is a girl born blind, in the early part of this century. At the age of six she is apprenticed to a group of *goze*, itinerant blind woman singers, and with them, the child travels about the countryside. (See photo.) Apparently *goze* have a quasi religious status and are expected to be chaste. When Orin matures, she is seduced and is expelled from the group. She meets a man, who turns out to be an army deserter, with whom she has a long platonic relationship. He commits a murder for her sake. They become lovers. He is caught and executed. Orin wanders off into the forest to die.

The director is Masahiro Shinoda, also the co-author of the script. Shinoda, born in 1931, began as assistant to the great Yasujiro Ozu and has been making his own films since 1960. *Double Suicide* is probably his best-known work in this country. A few years ago he said in an interview (Mellen, *Voices from the Japanese Cinema*):

> *I must categorize the films of the world into three distinct types. European films are based upon human psychology, American films upon action and the struggles of human beings, and Japanese films upon* circumstance. *Japanese films are interested in what surrounds the human being.*

Often the most helpful aspect of such categories is not their reliability in themselves but what they tell us about the persons who made them. Shinoda treats Orin as the product of a culture: in the way that her society has devised a profession to care for her, in the character of that profession, and in the fact that she is destined to be victimized by men, who seem to take her victimization as due part of her fate. The film moves in several time tracks and the editing is a bit more virtuosic than it need be, but Shinoda understands dramatic force, how to restrain it, how to loose it. The performance of Orin by his wife, Shima Iwashita, has both sweetness and passion.

If *The Ballad of Orin* were photographed with the usual Japanese competence, it would be worth seeing. The camera of Kazuo Miyagawa raises it higher.

When I read Miyagawa's name on the screen, it meant (I confess in shame) nothing to me. After I saw the film—at a theater, not a press screening—I stayed to see the credits again and get his name straight. (And, staying, I saw again a trailer for *Don Giovanni*. Gerry Fisher's cinematography for the opera now looked like imitation Giuseppe Rotunno: and Rotunno himself, who has done such fine work as *Amarcord*, is not in Miyagawa's class.) Later I looked up Miyagawa's record and saw how much he had done for my filmgoing life. Born in 1908, he began work in 1935 and has made dozens of films. Among those on which he has been cinematographer: *Ugetsu* and *Sansho the Bailiff* for Mizoguchi, *Floating Weeds* for Ozu, *Odd Obsession* for Ichikawa, *Rashomon* and *Yojimbo* for Kurosawa. A staggering career.

Here is what Donald Richie says (in *The Films of Akira Kurosawa*) about Miyagawa's camera—black and white—in *Yojimbo*:

> *Miyagawa's style . . . consists of almost perfectly balanced framing, though this framing is rarely symmetrical; the creation of a pattern which is often based upon the lateral (objects and or people) which lends a two-dimensional aspect something like a stage-set; the insistence upon an unusually deep focus which brings the very near and the very far into visual alignment; and a fondness for the kind of lighting which will fill (or even obscure) a portion of the wide screen with a dark, partially lighted object (usually a person) against a fairly light background, thus directing our interest to two planes at the same time.*

Sixteen years later these are still Miyagawa characteristics, but the addition of color makes them even more striking. In that last-mentioned two-plane mode, for instance, a single object or person in the middle distance of an outdoor winter scene will now be brushed with not-quite-golden sun, while a branch in the foreground is velvet black and the snow itself is a delicately connecting greenish-gray.

The control of colors and the integrity of their scale are wonderful. Only a few moments are show-off shots. (One scene begins with a close-up of a surveyor's instrument in the sunlight, abstracted against black. Then a cut to a long shot, and we see that the instrument is standing outside the mouth of a tunnel. That sort of bravura touch is atypical.) Mostly the color choices are gentle, highly intelligent, and exquisitely stated. The whole spectrum is seen not so much through a cinematographer's temperament as through a sense of fate. It makes the shadows softer, the sun precious, the tint of everything a touch muted, unpredictable yet right.

The colors of course cannot be

Films Worth Seeing

Apocalypse Now. Vietnam as psychedelic trip. The fact that it came out this way, instead of as moral drama, says more than was intended.

Monty Python's Life of Brian. About another Jewish boy, born at the same time as Jesus, who didn't want to be a messiah. Wittily swift, swiftly witty.

Nosferatu. The Germans take *Dracula* a bit too seriously, but Klaus Kinski really *acts* the undead monster for the first time.

The Seduction of Joe Tynan. Forget the plot. Enjoy the political atmosphere and the acting. A rising senator, his wife, another woman are all well played.

SK

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photo from *The Ballad of Orin*

separated from the compositions, made by the same miraculous eye. For instance, a marketplace where the lover is waiting for Orin. The first view of it is a long shot of wide steps teeming with people. I can't remember seeing so many people on screen at once since the Babylonian sequence in *Intolerance*—not just a mob but an infinitesimally articulated beehive of individuals, compacted but individually mobile. Or, after the lover's arrest, the first shot of military headquarters: a complex of low gray-brown wooden structures, interconnected with one higher building at the right. High, just inside the frame at right, standing at an upper-floor window, is a lieutenant, smoking, before he turns to begin interrogation of his prisoner. In that first shot, order and indolent power have replaced freedom.

I've argued more than once against the concept of cinematographers as independent, whole artists: I'd still maintain that view. If I knew all of Miyagawa's work, I'm sure that, as in Sven Nykvist's, I'd find instances where his talent had been squandered on material that made it *look* squandered, under a director who presumably was hoping that the camera would redeem all shortcomings. But in *The Ballad of Orin*, with the collaboration and kinship of Shinoda, Miyagawa has exalted a film that in any case would have some interest and weight into one that must be seen. The cinematography is not "lavish," as some have said. This is not *Barry Lyndon* or *Days of Heaven*. For the most part, the eye is taken by *felt* vision, not by exhibition. Miyagawa has confirmed that, in the right instance, the right visual texture can be more than supportive: it can be transformative.

Robert Brustein on theater

Two Tales From Two Cities

For years, one of the more enterprising producing groups off-Broadway was the Chelsea Theater Center, operating in Brooklyn under the umbrella of the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Recently, however, the leadership splintered and the theater divided. Robert Kalfin, the artistic director, retained the Chelsea name and set up housekeeping in a Manhattan branch (the Westside), while Michael David, the executive director, kept his Brooklyn berth and called his operation the Dodger Theater. A split of this kind can have its positive side. Anything that generates increased theatrical activity is bound to stimulate increased theatrical interest. But such a split can also weaken the structure of an institution if it is accompanied, as this one apparently was, by acrimony and bad feeling, like a divorced couple arguing over who gets the hi-fi and who gets the Cuisinart.

At present, both the Dodger and the Chelsea theaters are producing plays, neither of which impressed me very much, though the first, at least, was an honorable failure (the second was a less than honorable success). The work at the Dodger was Slawomir Mrozek's relatively recent *Emigrés*, offered in a strong production by the gifted Belgian director, André Ernotte. Mrozek's piece is a bit of a hybrid—half Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*, half Gorki's *The Lower Depths*. What it needs is a clear artistic voice of its own. I don't mean to suggest that Mrozek lacks convictions; indeed, he may have too many. After a rambling impressionistic beginning, *Emigrés* becomes tedious and tendentious, a victim of the playwright's aphoristic good intentions.

Mrozek, in exile from his native Poland since 1968 when he condemned his country's involvement in the invasion of Czechoslovakia, is one of those literary martyrs that Eastern Europe produces much too often these days. He is obviously suffering from his banishment in Paris—partly for its effect on his writing—and it is hard not to feel sympathy for an artist so badly in need of roots. Still, he has not been able to fashion an adequate theatrical metaphor for his suffering. *Emigrés* may have a subject; what it sorely needs is an object.

Two men—an intellectual and a laborer—live together in quasi-domestic squalor in a subterranean cage considerably below street level. Their attempts at conversation are continually being interrupted by sounds suggesting at times that they are living beneath a subway, at others, that they have encamped below a gigantic toilet. Each is immersed in a fantasy life of his own; each takes turns exposing the other's illusions. Like Didi and Gogo, they alternate between affection and tantrums; also like Beckett's tramps, they are obsessed with the nature of their strange condition.

The symbolic function of Mrozek's characters—identified simply as AA and XX, they represent the intelligentsia and the working class—reinforces a suspicion that the Beckett passages are only for throat-clearing. And before long, the mysteries of the first part have given way to the didacticism of the second. Questions begin to afflict the characters—whether émigrés are really free, whether it is possible or desirable to return to one's native country, whether the West is simply another form of imprisonment. "At home, you're

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Provision for income taxes		
Current	---	---
Deferred	2,792,809	1,909,150
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	7,474,487	4,867,502
Realized investment gains (losses)	(120,433)	11,364
Net income	7,354,054	4,878,866
Earnings per share		
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	4.35	2.88
Realized investment gains (losses)	(.07)	.01
Net income	4.28	2.89
Assets	$ 144,993,410	$ 116,651,027
Insurance in Force	$1,504,894,000	$1,289,000,000

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a prisoner of the State," observes AA. "Here you're a prisoner of your money." Reflections of this kind increasingly break through the atmospheric shell, until the play becomes all statement, more appropriate for a lectern than a stage. The effort to give dramatic form to his misgivings is apparently a painful one for Mrozek, and this invokes the most poignant idea of the evening—that having gained his freedom as an émigré, he has temporarily lost his art.

The Dodger production is a distinguished one, though it fails to overcome the longueurs of the play. Jon Polito brings a confused, thickheaded intensity to the part of the worker, while Brent Spiner, as the intellectual, is by turns weak and sardonic, fierce and vulnerable. Furthermore, André Ernotte, the director, has inspired a brilliant setting from his designer, Andrew Jackness, which creates a functional atmosphere for the action at the same time that it exists on its own as a striking piece of abstract metallic sculpture.

At the Dodger's alienated New York faction, the Chelsea Theater, Robert Kalfin has devised an evening of animal husbandry entitled *Strider: The Story of a Horse*. Adapted from a Tolstoy story by the Soviet author and composer Mark Rozovsky, *Strider* has been drawing enthusiastic crowds to the Westside for months, perhaps drawn there by what they believe to be a horse of a different color, off-Broadway's answer to *Equus*. Now it has moved to Broadway, a much more appropriate atmosphere—assuming it can survive there without a Broadway star—for its sleek production techniques, glitzy music, and reinforcing theme.

Strider is a two-hour demonstration of the pathetic fallacy—ascribing to things in nature the qualities and feelings of human beings. As such, it is designed to soften the most pitiless heart; I hope mine may be forgiven for having remained flinty. I am aware that Swift used a similar device in *Gulliver's Travels*—but never for the sake of arousing false sentiment or unearned emotion. *Gulliver's Travels* is a ferocious satire on the reader and his society; *Strider* leaves its urban audience in a state of semi-beatitude regarding its superior humanitarian instincts.

In its present form, Tolstoy's story looks more like a Disney cartoon than a work of serious literature, being winky, flirtatious, intermittently cute. One problem is the American production; the

TO SESTIUS

—Horace, *Odes*, I, iv

Now the hard winter is breaking up with the welcome coming
Of spring and the spring winds; some fishermen,
Under a sky that looks changed, are hauling their caulked boats
Down to the water; in the winter stables the cattle
Are restless; so is the farmer sitting in front of his fire;
They want to be out of doors in field or pasture;
The frost is gone from the meadowgrass in the early mornings.
Maybe, somewhere, the nymphs and graces are dancing,
Under the moon the goddess Venus and her dancers;
Somewhere far in the depth of the cloudless sky
Vulcan is getting ready the storms of the coming summer.
Now is the time to garland your shining hair
With myrtle and with the flowers the free-giving earth has given;
Now is the right time to offer the kid or lamb
In sacrifice to Faunus in the fire-lit shadowy grove.

Revenant whitefaced death is walking not knowing whether
He's going to knock at a rich man's door or a poor man's.
Oh goodlooking fortunate Sestius, don't put your hope in the future;
The night is falling; the shades are gathering around;
The walls of Pluto's shadowy house are closing you in;
There who will be lord of the feast? what will it matter,
What will it matter, there, whether you fell in love
With Lycidas, this or that girl with him, or he with her?

David Ferry

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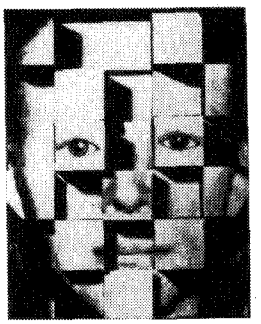
other is the Soviet adaptation. First conceived as an acting exercise, *Strider*, through some mysterious process of transmutation, has now become an exercise in Story Theater, and this form, I fear, has just about reached the end of its tether. Invented by Paul Sills for the theatrical enactment of simple folk tales, fairy stories, and legends, Story Theater never really worked effectively after its first naive encounter with the Brothers Grimm. Here the coy addresses to the audience, the thin musical bridges, the ostentatiously bare stage, the choreographed narration, and, especially, the self-conscious animal transformations expose the fatigue of the form, having lost surprise and originality as narrative theatrical devices.

Strider is the story of an aging, piebald horse, once a good runner, who in the course of his saintly life is tortured, gelded, and finally put to death by having his throat cut. Strider, in other words, is offered to us as a kind of equine Jesus, a horsey sacrifice to man's inhuman instincts. Also embedded in this parable are reflections on class divisions, unequal distribution of income, corruption by property, and other late Tolstoyan obsessions; but the most abiding theme is how cruelly animals are treated by cold, unfeeling men.

Few people enjoy seeing animals tortured or mutilated, least of all the dog- and horse-loving theater public. But in some of its particulars, *Strider* would not even obtain endorsement from the ASPCA. I saw the production with a friend who owns some racehorses, and he said (reminding me of the salesman who seized on the one tangible fact in *Death of a Salesman* by remarking "That New England territory never was any good") that gelding is a relatively painless process which adds considerable years and energy to a horse's life. But staged as it was at the Chelsea, with poor Strider suspended like a crucified piece of meat and screaming under the knife, the gelding scene had every male member of the audience protecting his male member, as if witnessing a human castration.

Other confusions between our two species included a scene in which Strider, having fallen in love with a beautiful mare, rapes her in a moment of jealousy after she betrayed him with a stud named Darling. Also, lots of actor-horses engaging in equestrian choreography accompanied by the obligatory gypsies with the obligatory tambourines; considerable wiggling and winking between stallions and mares;

"We have a psychology of men, but it is called simply 'psychology.'"
—from the Introduction



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much raising and lowering of horse tails near the actors' behinds, plus prancing and snorting and pawing the ground. If we missed the identification, a folk singer is present to warble, "Hard is life for man and horse," while Strider reflects, with characteristically clumsy sentence structure, "on that strange breed of animal with whom we are so closely bound whom we call man."

Given the traps of such a story, it is not remarkable that the acting is whimsical and cloying. Gerald Hiken, in the title role, works manfully (horsefully?) to underplay the saccharine cuteness of his character, but with his hunched shoulders and mournful eyes, he comes off looking more like a Sholom Aleichem victim, asking the gods for a little piece of bread and butter. As for the rest of the actors, they owe their performances less to Tolstoy than to Agnes de Mille and Jerome Robbins, for they high-step about the stage like the chorus of an American musical comedy.

An audience-pleaser, then, but interesting to me only in the way it succeeds in pleasing. I came away convinced more than ever that what New Yorkers seek in theater these days is self-endorsement and self-flattery. The daunting thing is that this is now being provided by a serious-minded off-Broadway theater.

Charles Michener on photography books

Christmas Round-up II

It is interesting to observe that "photographers unknown," working for such unaesthetically-minded sponsors as the US Post Office, took many of the most powerful pictures in *The American Image: Photographs from the National Archives, 1860-1969* (Pantheon, $20, $10 paper, reviewed in *TNR*, November 24). But we buy photography books (as opposed to coffee-table books with titles like *Desert Images*) chiefly to see how a committed photographer has developed the one possession he shares with painters and sculptors—a vision that is inalienably his own.

Certainly no photographer was ever more possessed of it—and by it—than Eugene Atget, the French pioneer (1856-1927) whose images of Paris and Parisians, taken with an old wooden box camera, are Proustian in their elegaic scope. Despite the appallingly washed-out reproductions in *Atget's Gardens* (Doubleday, $19.95, $9.95 paper), the images of trees conversing with neo-classical statuary burn onto our imagination with a force that is all the more poignant for their threatening, as William Howard Adams writes in his excellent text, "to dissolve at any moment." In her essay in a superior Atget album, *The World of Atget*, a large-format paperback reprint of the original 1964 Horizon Press edition (Paragon Books, $10.95), Berenice Abbott writes of her first encounter with Atget's photographs in Man Ray's Paris studio in 1925: "The subjects were not sensational, but nevertheless shocking in their very familiarity." This penetrating, strangely *déjà vu* immediacy ("familiarity" is a better word because it suggests the almost palpable intimacy between Atget and the world he photographed) comes in good measure, I think, from Atget's not *knowing* he was "Atget." After "Atget," of course, there could be no more Atget: self-consciousness has become the curse (some would say glory) of the modern photographer, the inevitable filter between him and his subject—thanks in no small part to the profusion of photography books.

Two collections demonstrate how far (or deep) photographic self-consciousness has advanced. *Photography/Venice '79* (Rizzoli, $30) is an extravagant selection from one of the most spectacular photographic extravaganzas ever staged, this past summer's orgy in Venice of 25 shows, supervised by Cornell Capa of the International Center of Photography in New York. Honoring in hit-or-miss fashion subjects as diverse as Atget, "Treasures of Dance Photography," Diane Arbus, and contemporary Japanese photography, this is very much a buff's bonanza. The sport—given the poor quality of reproduction, which makes for rapid page-turning—is window shopping: on sale—14 Eugene Smiths. The marginal payoffs are an occasional stunning discovery that makes you long to see the original print (Froissart's "Flood at Lyon," taken in 1856, "Red Mountain," a Christo-like color landscape by an Australian, Grant Mudford) and an even more occasional nugget of discerning prose (Anne Tucker on the street photography of Helen Levitt: "She does not traumatize the facts").

To be taken more seriously—because it represents much of today's younger Establishment in American photography—is *American Images: New Work by Twenty Contemporary Photographers*, edited by Renato Danese (McGraw-Hill, $35). The layout and reproductions are exemplary. But self-consciousness is the predominant aesthetic as blazingly proficient attempts are made to register small points about minute human presences in vast western landscapes (William Clift), about "seeing the world in color" (Jonathan Green), about capturing "the difference between our preconceptions of a place and what, when we get there, that place turns out to be" (Tod Papageorge in Southern California places that confirm all of our preconceptions about them). Three exceptions to the prevailing over-intellectualized blandness are Larry Fink, who makes disturbing, flash-lit dramas out of middle-class social gatherings; Mary Ellen Mark, who finds a harrowing sanctity in the marriage of two Puerto Rican teenagers and the birth of their first child; and, most notably, one of the last of the American masters, Harry Callahan, whose city scenes shot in color through a telephoto lens are the most formally sophisticated, genuinely mysterious images in the book.

Dorothy Parker described the Alps as "dumb," and no photographers have looked that sort of dumbness more squarely in the face than Ansel Adams, the late Edward Weston, and Eliot Porter. Of the three, it is Adams to whom nature most often has returned its dumbest stare. In his recent Adams restrospective at the Museum of Modern Art, John Szarkowski managed, through cunning arrangement of old and recent prints, odd-angled close-ups and grandiose vistas, to reveal Adams as considerably more complex than his conventional image as the Paul Bunyan of American photographers. Unfor-

Charles Michener is senior editor for cultural affairs at *Newsweek*.

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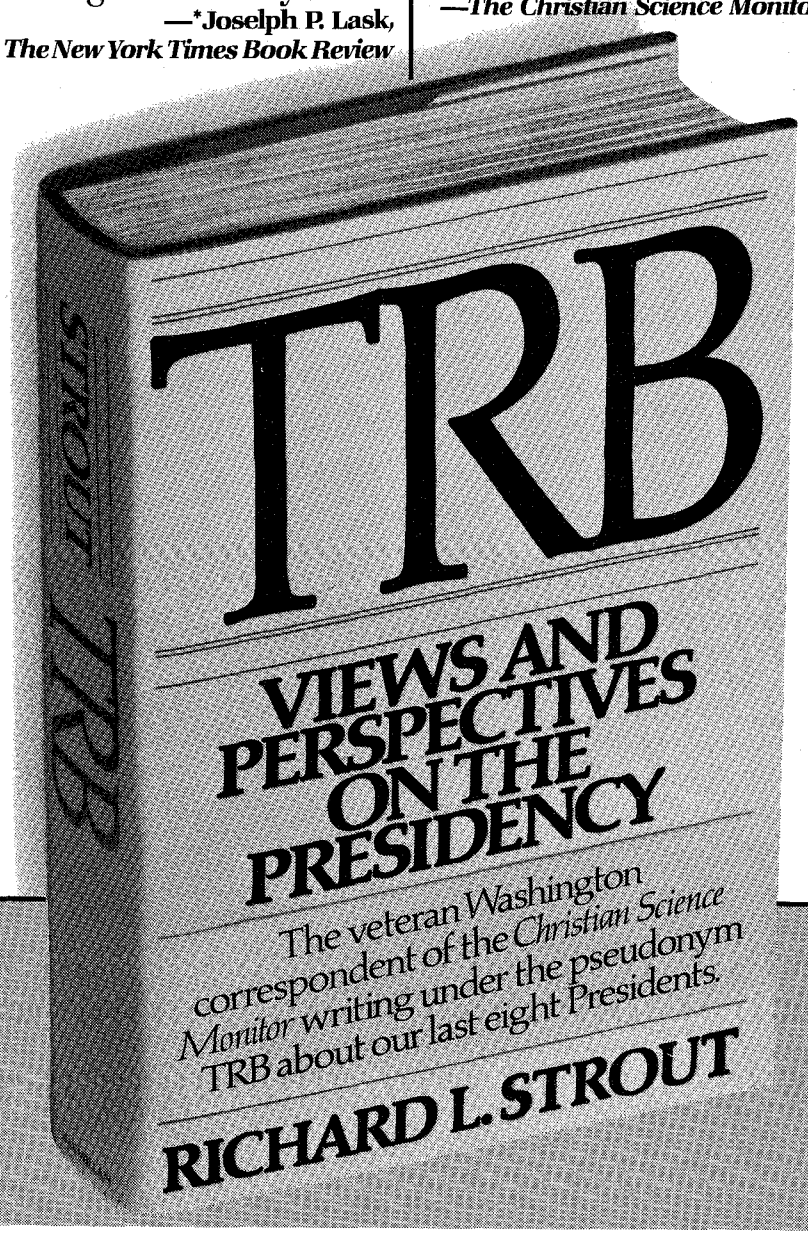
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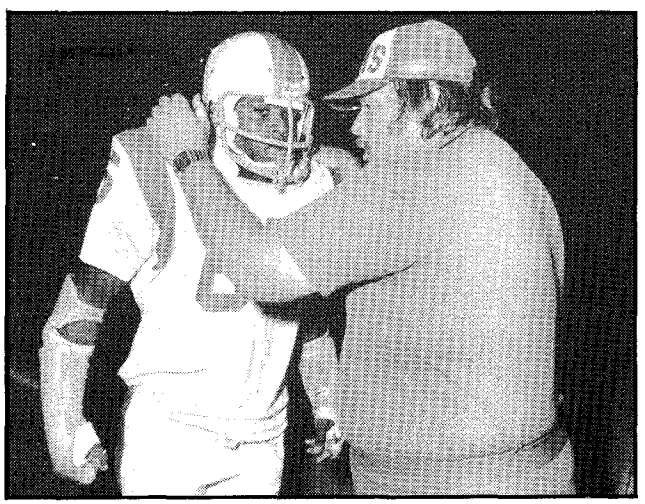
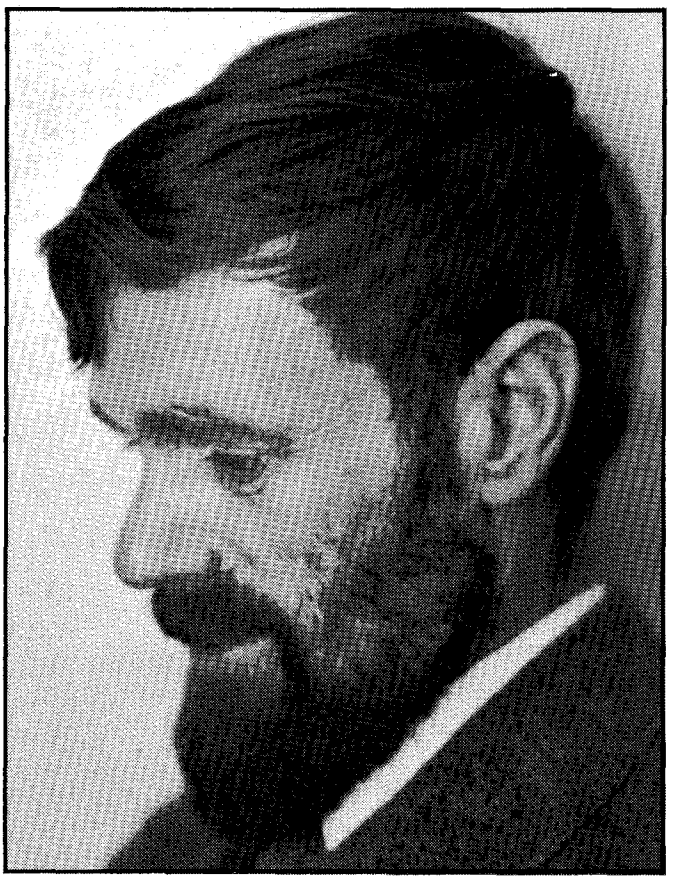


"Houston Kashmere vs. Conroe, Conroe, 1978"
Photo by Geoff Winningham from *Rites of Fall*



"D. H. Lawrence, 1924" from *Edward Weston: His Life and Photographs*

tunately, the lavishly printed accompanying album, *Ansel Adams: Yosemite and the Range of Light* (New York Graphic Society, $75) didn't follow that scheme. A few of the marvelous, semiabstract close-ups can be found, but the overwhelming impression is of one gleaming or shimmering Wagnerian vista after another, printed in the bravura, knock-'em-dead style that Adams has favored in recent years over his earlier subtler approach. (Has he, too, swallowed whole Garry Winogrand's fashionable dictum that "nothing is as mysterious as a fact clearly described"?) The moral: after a while awe palls.

Creative photography, Weston once wrote to Adams, "must be seeing plus" (Adams, one suspects, sometimes took it to mean "*feeling* plus"). The revised, slightly expanded edition of the classic *Edward Weston: His Life and Photographs* (Aperture, $75) is breathtaking evidence of one of the century's most passionate eyes at work. Ben Maddow's authoritative account of Weston's life and growth as an artist surrounds these 158 superbly reproduced images, but the most telling insight into Weston's voracious, hermetic brilliance and oddly chaste sensuality is provided by the 1924 portrait of his closest literary counterpart—D. H. Lawrence.

Black and white, says Edwin Land, "is the language for delineating objects," color photography "the language for displaying illumination." Weston J. Naef cites this valuable distinction in his afterword to *Intimate Landscapes: Photographs by Eliot Porter* (The Metropolitan Museum of Art/E. P. Dutton, $35 trade edition, $29.95 museum edition, $15 paper) in his searching attempt to unravel the elusive strengths of Porter's color studies of nature cropped small. The stooping, minutely observant figure of Thoreau hovers over these pictures (although they took Porter as far afield as Kenya and the Galapagos) and in his preface the photographer provides another clue by describing his works as "centrifugal"—that is, leading the eye to the corners and edges of the picture in good modernist fashion—as opposed to "centripetal" (having a central point of interest to which the eye is repeatedly drawn). Prettiness is the smokescreen in many of these images, but a closer look reveals almost surrealistic ambiguities in the patterns of vegetation, water, rocks, and light as defined by color—"pieces in the puzzle" (Naef calls them) that invite not only scrutiny but contemplation. The reproduction is magnificent.

Substitute black and white for color, people for flora, and a balletic for centrifugal sense of composition and you have the poetic realism of the 155 retrospective images in *Henri Cartier-Bresson: Photographer* (New York Graphic Society, $49.95). Plus, of course, a preternatural fly's sense of time. It is amazing how much—and with what abstract concision—Cartier-Bresson sees in his famous "moments" (captured, in many instances, after a considerable wait). Over-reproduced and imitated though these moments are, this collection, spanning 50 years of work, picked by the photographer and appropriately spare of words, is their definitive harvest, the summing-up of the most

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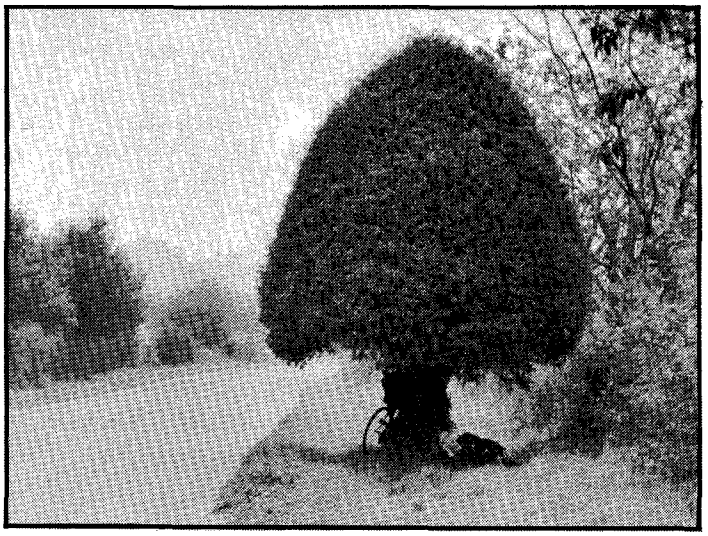
"Broadway Singer, Metropolitan Café," New York. Photo from *Lisette Model*



"Ireland, 1963" from *Henri Cartier Bresson: Photographer*

powerful "invisible" presences in contemporary photography.

One of Cartier-Bresson's few rivals as a poetic realist, his countryman Robert Doisneau, has said that "to suggest is to create, to describe is to destroy" (the Winogrand antidote). Ray K. Metzker, who has done much-admired conceptual photography exploring cumulative imagery and out-of-focus forms has forgotten that lesson in his latest series, *Sand Creatures* (Aperture, $10). "What appears in the pictures was the subject's decision, not mine" he writes. This is disingenuous twaddle: Metzker's stolen images are as inert and inexpressive as their subjects—all manner of Homo sapiens asleep (for the most part) on an Atlantic City beach.

Not so the subjects of Geoff Winningham and Lisette Model. Winningham's *Rites of Fall* (University of Texas Press; $24.95), a photo essay on high school football in Texas with a fine running text by Al Reinert and a "commentary" by Don Meredith, is the year's most *engaging* photography book on a single subject. From its shots of pre-game anticipation to the opening handshakes, the locker-room pep talks, the fumbles and end-runs, the cheerleaders' leaps and the sad/happy outcomes, this is extraordinary reportage. It bursts with affection, quizzical insight into these overheated communal rites of passage, and much implied "information"—such as that this particular American territorial skirmishing has paved the way for racial integration.

"Visual energy" is Berenice Abbott's apt description for the seeing in *Lisette Model* (Aperture, $40). Whether begging for pennies on New York's Lower East Side in the 1950s or sitting starchily on the Promenade des Anglais in Nice in the 1930s, Model's people are fully awake to life around them and somehow—visually—complicit with the photographer. Model, whose sense of "partnership" with her subjects was imparted—and then some—to her famous pupil Diane Arbus, has advised (according to Abbott's preface): "Don't shoot 'till the subject hits you in the pit of your stomach." Her visceral, Renoiresque sense of the human body in public places as an epic event is beautifully reinforced by Marvin Israel's theatrical, blow-up design in this long overdue monograph.

Complicity with the subject is more problematic in *Bruce Davidson: Photographs* (Agrinde/Summit, $17.50 paper). Covering 10 years of documentary work (1966-76), ranging from a lonely widow in Montmartre to his celebrated portraits taken on New York City's East 100th Street to pictures of old people in a desolate cafeteria, Davidson's fiercely head-on shots of what Henry Geldzahler in his fulsome introduction calls "the disadvantaged" are masterfully, even poetically, composed and manifestly *felt*. But in too many of them, his subjects seem to be acting (or posed) in accordance with Davidson's desired heart-tug compassion, by God, for the underdog.

This is not to say that Davidson's work is contrived (it is never glib) in the way that Arnold Newman's portraits are in *The Great British* (New York Graphic Society, $14.95). That form and appearance still count to a fare-thee-

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well in England must be inferred from the National Portrait Gallery's and the *Sunday Times*'s commission of the virtuoso American to make portraits of dozens of Britons whose eminence is such to have qualified them for inclusion in the Gallery's collection. Greatly concerned with putting his subjects "at ease," with placing them against strongly graphic backgrounds that read quickly in a picture magazine, Newman depicts the *idea* of his subjects—too often the most predictable one. Outsized hands, distorted through a wide-angle lens, play a big role, whether it's Enoch Powell glowering in an unnatural pose, Bill Brandt sitting magisterially in Polacolor, or J. B. Priestly arranged with a cigar in his study. The only subjects that cut through the gimmicks are a few of the more irrepressible performers—Gielgud and Richardson in a Pinteresque pairing against a baleful backstage setting, David Hockney wedged into a humorous triptych of sorts in dandified Polacolor. These portraits have the more illuminating sense of play that a "lesser" photographer, Lord Snowdon, finds with most of his famous subjects in *Snowdon: A Photographic Autobiography* (Times Books, $29.95). Hockney in particular seems intuitively to know exactly what Newman is up to. And so do all the hundreds of the beautiful and not-so-beautiful people in *Andy Warhol's Exposures* (Grosset & Dunlap, $25). It's safe to say that except for the presidents and their spouses (Ford and Carter) and perhaps Princess Grace, everyone snapped by Warhol's ubiquitous camera has been to Studio 54 at least once. This is one photography book whose cheap reproduction quality is exactly right for the subject—Warhol's extended New York family of first-nighters, each of them reduced to the same level of passing importance. Warhol is as silently but perceptively at home with these instant ghosts as Atget was with his trees, and if Atget was the Proust of photographers in his time, raggedy Andy is—like it or not—our Proust.

Darkness Visible by William Golding

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $10.95)

William Golding is the author of a number of remarkable novels—among them *The Inheritors*, *Pincher Martin*, *Free Fall*, and *Lord of the Flies*, which made him famous in the mid-1950s—characterized by an extraordinary allegorical imagination. The near-at-hand is here to illumine the distant, the abstract; the characters playing out their scene before us, though they believe thoroughly in their lines and in the literalness of their experience, are here to demonstrate a point, quite possibly a univocal point: at the end of the beautifully sustained and impeccably crafted *Lord of the Flies* 12-year-old Ralph, one of the survivors, weeps "for the end of innocence, the darkness of man's heart," and the death of asthmatic, myopic Piggy whose doom, outside the controlled conditions of civilization, was inevitable. Golding has been quite explicit about the "symbolic" nature of his work; he has said, perhaps unnecessarily, that one of his central themes is the attempt "to trace the defects of society back to the defects of human nature." *Lord of the Flies* enjoyed a much-deserved popularity 25 years ago not simply because it functioned as a sort of large print version of Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, which perhaps it was (though its more immediate literary ancestor was probably Richard Hughes's now little-read *A High Wind in Jamaica*); it also happens to be a suspenseful tour de force, an allegory so brilliantly composed that one never—or rarely—has a glimpse of the puppet-master above, serenely and cruelly bringing his puppets to their final revelatory scene.

Subsequent novels of Golding's, while less popular than *Lord of the Flies*, advanced that novel's central propositions, and dealt, in ingenious metaphors, with such theological-metaphysical ideas as Original Sin, Determinism, God, and Atonement. I mean no disrespect by saying that Golding's fiction is probably most admired by people who dislike fiction—people who dislike, that is, the ostensibly uncontrolled worlds of "realistic" fiction in which characters tend to exist as human beings primarily, and abstract propositions secondarily, if at all. Allegory need not—in Melville's phrase—be "hideous and intolerable": it has the advantages of a scientific laboratory, in which rigorous control is a virtue, and most distractions eliminated in the pursuit of a small, valuable truth. Whether the truth is applicable outside the claustrophobic world of the laboratory or the allegory is not always important. Kafka's "In the Penal Colony," for instance, like most fictions of Kafka's, exists *sui generis*. It is the expression of a unique imagination; it is first of all a feat of language.

William Golding's novels, by contrast, do not really bear rereading; once the metaphorical structure is grasped, once the "propositions" are revealed, the suspense generated by the author's marvelous données—the extinction of Neanderthal man by Homo sapiens in *The Inheritors*, the micro-second duration of *Pincher Martin*—is dissipated, and one is left with fairly serviceable, sometimes rather flat and contrived language. Pristine allegory is a vehicle employed mainly to instruct, to teach; our habit with vehicles is to disembark once we have reached our destination.

Darkness Visible, Golding's seventh novel, his first in 12 years, is a difficult and in many ways a painful novel to assess. One might imagine that a 69-year-old writer of conservative tendencies would have trouble making plausible beautiful and "phenomenally" bright twins (Sophy and Toni) who become, in their early 20s, an uninhibited gangster and a political terrorist respectively; one could not have imagined the degree of trouble. There are love scenes between Sophy and her young lover Gerry (who sometimes pops "small black pills") that are best passed over in silence. The melodramatic plot, unwisely borrowed from Iris Murdoch, escalates frantically and becomes, at the end, not even trashily cinematic so much as electronic: Sophy and her kidnapper cohorts, Toni and her clichés about freedom and justice, are imaginable, if not credible, only as elements in a situation comedy gone askew. When Toni and her fellow terrorists herd hostages into a waiting plane, and several well-intentioned fools watch the spectacle on the telly, it is inevitable that Golding will have one of them say, "She's mad! Why don't people say so? She's mad and bad!" and another reply, "She's not human, Sim. We have to face it at last. We're not all human,"

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and still another state gravely, "We're all mad, the whole damned race. We're trapped in illusions, delusions, confusions about the penetrability of partitions, we're all mad and in solitary confinement."

Not me, thinks the impudent reader: the "solitary confinement" of Golding's hoked-up world is about as convincing as the advertisement for toothpaste that follows the situation comedy.

Golding's embarrassing fictional stereotypes (among them a leering pederast named Mr. Pedigree, teacher in a boys' school, who really *should* be retired from fiction forever) and his

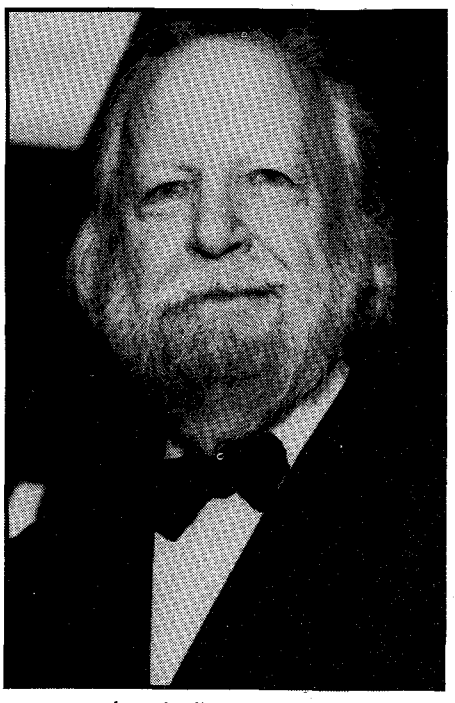

photo of William Golding by Caroline Forbes

heavy-handedly ironic attempt to create a visionary-moron in the figure of one Matty "Septimus" Windrave/Windrove/Windgrave (who, maimed by fire in the novel's opening chapter, returns to fire in a Disneylike episode near the end) might be halfway redeemed if presented, as Iris Murdoch's similarly caricatured people often are, in witty or cogent or intelligent prose; but Golding's style here is flaccid and indifferent, and appears at times to function as little more than a means for revealing the author's contempt for his characters. So we are told:

> *it must have been intended from the beginning of the universe, this marriage between Edwin and Edwina Bell. There was more to the obviousness of the intention than the coincidence of the name. They looked so much like each other that unless a person knew them very well they had a kind of transvestite appearance simply by reference to each other. . . . Edwina's hair was a little shorter than Edwin's and she had rather more bosom. It was a useful distinction.*

Sophy, who frequently proclaims the "weirdness" of life, in which she is eager to participate, has a sexual experience that goes like this: "Unsuspected nerves and muscles took charge and swept her forward in contraction after contraction towards some pit of destroying consummation into which she plunged." (She has just stabbed her inept lover with a penknife.) Later, Sophy is "conspicuously inconspicuous" in a cotton dress. Poor Matty is obliged to keep a journal in which he says such things as "Great and terrible things are afoot. I thought that only me and Ezekiel had been given the way of showing things to those people who can see . . . because it. I cannot say what I mean."

Golding's theology, presented fairly explicitly in his earlier, more parable-like novels, does reduce, of course, to an extremely pessimistic view of human nature, and an unfortunate consequence of such a pessimism is contempt for people. In real life this may work out beautifully—one could find rewarding employment—but in literature it is usually a disadvantage. For every brilliantly inspired hater like Dostoevsky, Swift, Céline, and occasionally Lawrence, there must be thousands of ranters, quarrelling with others instead of with themselves, seeking out fools in order to demonstrate something profound about the madness and badness of the human race. If a "good" character appears it is instructive to make his innocence shade into imbecility. An author's strategic superiority to his subject is not so self-evident as one might think, for though he appears to be inventing his work he is really discovering it; the "superiority" of his puppet-master position should not delude him into thinking that he is necessarily superior to his characters. Omniscience has a way of befuddling the brain: one means to sound lordly, one ends up sounding merely silly. Sophy's modish nihilism might well be describing *Darkness Visible* itself: "Everything's running down. Unwinding. We're just—tangles. Everything there is just a tangle and it slides out of itself bit by bit. . . . Go with the disentangling. . . . On and on, wave after wave arching, spreading, running down, down, down. . . ." In the euphoria of an earlier revelation Sophy "jumped clean out of bed and the desire to be weird was like a taste in the mouth, a hunger and thirst after weirdness."

In the interstices of this unfortunate

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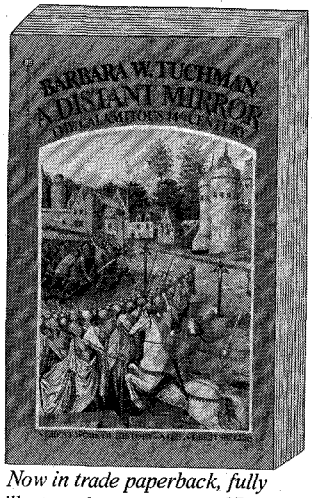

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novel there is a story about a maimed child, a victim of the German bombing of London, who grows into a maimed but sensitive adult with possible visionary powers. One can see why Golding shied away from this story—it might turn out sentimental, it would demand, in any case, too much sympathetic "realism"—but one cannot help but regret that the allegorical mode triumphed. Here, all is cartoon, surface, sneering contempt; the retroflexive spirit required for a serious work of art is lost. Less is less.

Joyce Carol Oates

Charmed Lives by Michael Korda

(Random House; $15)

More than once during my reading of Michael Korda's book I had the feeling that I might have to disqualify myself as its reviewer on the grounds that the empathy engendered by the uncanny similarity of our origins and early family experiences (a common mid-European birth of a Jewish father and an English Protestant mother; a capricious international education resulting in total alienation; a childhood spent in opulence and deep insecurity) might make a dispassionate appraisal of *Charmed Lives* difficult if not impossible. I have allowed no such qualms to interfere with my enjoyment of this absorbing and fascinating story or to inhibit my admiration for the skill with which it is told.

Here is family history on two levels: the first relates to the legendary achievements and enigmatic personality of its dominant member—the man known to the world as Alexander Korda. Born in a remote Hungarian village during the last years of the Austro-Hungarian empire, he sets out, still in his teens, without a penny in his pocket, in classic fairy-tale fashion, to seek his fortune in the big city—Budapest—where he is presently joined by his widowed mother and his two brothers, Zoltan and Vincent. And here, right from the start, the second and more subtle dimension of this narrative becomes apparent. Throughout his adventurous and glamorous career Alex Korda combined two personalities—that of the lone wolf, the shrewd, secretive international operator of unlimited resource and ambition, and that of the middle-European head of the family who regarded his brothers as "wayward children, unreliable and improvident, in whose welfare he never ceased to have a strong but erratic interest. . . . Bitterly as they sometimes fought, they loved each other with an intensity that virtually excluded their wives and children." Throughout their lives this family relationship persisted as a constant and essential counterpoint to their wanderings.

By all accounts—even the unfriendly ones—Alexander Korda was a man of unusual intelligence and charm. Like so many bright, underprivileged young Europeans of his generation he began his career as a journalist. By his early 20s, as a director and producer in the embryonic Hungarian film industry, he was already deeply involved in those artistic, financial, and political manipulations that were to occupy most of his life. The first and most astonishing of these maneuvers took place soon after the end of World War I. Appointed head of Hungarian film production under the moderate caretaker government of Count Carolyi, Korda managed to retain that position during the brief communist revolution of Bela Kun. When that collapsed he not only escaped being sabered into Jewish mincemeat by the bullyboys of Admiral Horthy's officer corps but actually retained his job for a time under that reactionary, violently anti-Semitic regime. Saved from torture and probable execution by the hysterical intervention of his beautiful actress-wife, Maria, he hurriedly left Budapest for Vienna, where he established the lifestyle from which he never deviated. It was his theory that the best way to go about launching any new enterprise if you were unknown and penniless was to take the largest suite in the best hotel in town, be seen in public with the most beautiful women, rent the largest possible chauffeur-driven limousine, and eat every night in the most expensive restaurant. Keep doing this and sooner or later you will meet somebody with a business proposition.

These "somebodies" did, in fact, keep appearing in various guises over the next few years—in Vienna, in Berlin, in Hollywood (which, until the coming of sound, was more interested in Maria than in Alexander) and, finally and most positively, in London where he arrived at the age of 38, went to the Savoy and took a suite as the first step in a brilliant career that, with occasional setbacks and interruptions, lasted until his death in 1956.

It was in England that he scored his most resounding triumphs—starting

©Wide World Photos

Sir Alexander Korda with Merle Oberon, 1942.

with the worldwide success of Charles Laughton in *Henry VIII*, which Korda produced and directed. Soon after that—with the lavish backing of England's largest and most prestigious insurance company and a million-pound loan from his Majesty's government—he set about revolutionizing Britain's film industry with the avowed intention of rivaling Hollywood's film-giants in the world's markets. That all this ended quite badly years later amid recrimination and scandal does not detract from the miracle of his achievements, which included the erection of a model studio (designed by his brother Vincent) and the production of a number of successful films (some of them directed by his brother Zoltan). In the process, though he never lost his thick Hungarian accent and some of his middle-European habits, he became assimilated into English

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society; he acquired a Rolls-Royce, a house in Mayfair, and a seagoing yacht, received the Royal family in his private projection room, and numbered among his close personal friends Winston Churchill (whom he supported with script-commissions during the years of Churchill's long eclipse), H. G. Wells, Brendan Bracken, and Max Aiken, Lord Beaverbrook.

Early in World War II Churchill, now prime minister, sent Korda to America to make movies—partly to earn desperately needed dollars for the British Treasury and partly as a cover for the vast intelligence network that the British maintained in this country for the purpose of appraising and influencing US public opinion about the war. For these services—not to mention the dollars earned by Olivier and Leigh with *That Hamilton Woman*—he was knighted on his return to England.

This was the peak of his success. From here on his fortunes declined. His second wife, the beautiful Merle Oberon (the first Lady Korda), remained in Hollywood to enjoy the fruits of the stardom he had created for her. His health deteriorated, so did his financial venture—ending in the partial collapse of his overblown empire. He remained personally wealthy, but there is a tragic irony in the fact that much of what he did leave behind (besides the houses and the art that were clearly the second Lady Korda's) was dissipated in a series of disputes among his heirs, including one particularly bitter one—over whether his ashes should be disposed of following the ritual of the Jewish or Christian faiths, to neither of which he had belonged or given one thought during his lifetime.

It is in its treatment of these latter years—the years of decline, disillusion, loneliness, and growing weariness and boredom—that this book reveals its true quality. Up till then the Korda saga has been told with zest and humor and with an insider's understanding of the historical circumstances and atmosphere in which Alexander Korda attained his unique position as an international entrepreneur. It has been written from hearsay and from the perspective of a bedazzled and hero-worshipping young nephew. With Michael Korda's return to England, at his uncle's insistence, at the age of 13, a new character enters the scene. From here on the Korda legend is supplemented and enriched by personal observation as we follow the boy's passage through his English schooldays, his service in Germany with the RAF, and his years at Oxford. The hero worship persists. (One of the boy's recurrent childhood dreams was one in which he and his uncle were blended into a composite figure: "It was Alex and it was me; his features and mine shifted apart and coincided like the image in the range-finder of a Leica.") But from here on the "charmed lives" of the Kordas are subjected to the penetrating inspection of a shrewd, cosmopolitan, alienated yet sentimental adolescent.

The entire family is reappraised, including the eccentric brothers: Zoltan, the "Flying Dutchman," the moody hypochondriac who shot films in distant parts and who "hung from hotel doors to stretch his spine"; Vincent, Michael's father, the brilliant production-designer, a bohemian who would rather have remained a painter, who chose to hold up his trousers (often Alex's cast-offs) with string, who once left his newborn son in a basket in the men's room of a Paris restaurant and who died, many years later, on his way to Harrod's to buy a tin of Iranian caviar.

They are much loved—particularly Vincent—but the darker side of their temperament is reflected in the mirror of the boy's memory, including a rather special kind of Hungarian *machismo* according to which they expected their wives and families "to guess at their feelings, to anticipate their wishes. If one offered them affection they turned it away with a frown; if one did not offer it they brooded."

But the main focus of *Charmed Lives* remains fixed on the head of the family, whom Michael, during those final years, was in a good position to observe both as his favorite nephew and, later, as the close friend of the young woman who became first Alex's mistress and then the second Lady Korda. It was she who remarked one day when they were talking, as usual, about their respective lover and uncle: "I'm not sure Alex has as much fun being Alex as you think he does." Today, more than 20 years later, the nephew is still investigating what it meant to "be Alex":

> *He was a man of paradoxes who hated publicity and still became famous, who liked leisure but plunged himself into endless work, who despised money for its own sake but had a natural gift for making and spending it. He was courteous and ruthless, charming and unforgiving, quiet spoken but hot tempered.*

Michael's father, stunned by the death of his beloved elder brother, could only mutter, "Vat the hell—Alex vas a Wery nice man." And a fellow-Hungarian declared admiringly that Alex would have made a perfect pope if he had been Catholic and not so interested in women.

John Houseman

John Houseman is the producing artistic director of The Acting Company and author of the just published memoir *Front and Center* (Simon & Schuster).

Suicides
by Jean Baechler
translated by Barry Cooper

(Basic Books; $21)

"I am neither a doctor nor a psychiatrist nor a psychoanalyst; I am not an ethicist, a philosopher, nor a theologian; I am not an anthropologist nor a psychologist and only a bit of a sociologist." The humble opening of Jean Baechler's book is misleading only briefly, for by the time one has read a little further it is clear that the unstated part of his sentence is "but I know more than all of them."

Baechler writes with passion, urgency, and scholarship as well as bravado in his effort to persuade us to accept his unconventional view of suicide. He believes suicide is a human privilege, a product of intelligence not available to small children because they have not achieved the conscious desire to rescue themselves from the tentativeness of human life. Suicide, he says, is a proclamation of the right to dignity, an affirmation that a man is made to be happy, that life deserves to be lived only if one can conform to a certain self-image. Although Baechler reiterates that his book is not an apologia for

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suicide, surely it will join the growing literature affirming the right to suicide.

Suicides offers an existential alternative to social and psychological interpretations of suicide. Baechler believes that suicide is an inevitable part of the human condition rather than a particular response to varying social circumstances. Thus he disagrees with Emile Durkheim, who pioneered contemporary sociological study of suicide, and who felt that the rate of suicide in contemporary society was affected by the loosening of ties to state, religion, and family brought about by the industrial revolution. Baechler disagrees with the view that any society past or present is harder to live in than any other: "It is neither more nor less difficult to live one's life in the Cro-Magnon caves or in the sampans of Bangkok than it would be in Leptis Magna or La-Garenne Colombes."

Any significant rise or fall in suicide rates undermines Baechler's belief in the constancy of suicide, and he chooses to ignore the dramatic rise in suicide rates (250 percent) among young people in this country and in Europe during the past 20 years. The omission is striking since this dramatic increase is the single fact about suicide that has roused most attention and concern. Accompanied as it has been by other barometers of social stress among the young—crime, drug abuse, and alcoholism—this increased suicide rate strongly suggests that young people in our culture are finding it harder to grow up.

Although Baechler agrees that war is an exceptionally disruptive event that does reduce suicide, he ridicules Durkheim's explanation that the decrease in suicide observed in wartime is due to an increase in social integration within a group faced by a common threat. To refute him, Baechler cites Virginia Woolf as an example, pointing out that although she was suicidal before World War II, she was not suicidal during the blitz when her "anxiety became in some way objective and generalized, her internal anxiety fused with a universal anxiety." Assuming the psychological accuracy of this perception, it would seem to support or to complement Durkheim rather than refute him. This observation also suggests what the rest of Baechler's book makes clear: that the psychological and sociological approaches to suicide could and should be integrated.

Baechler says suicide can be understood only through studying individual cases. He thus raises the hope that he will provide insight into the motivation for suicide since his classification purports to be based on the psychological intention of the individual who kills himself. He deduces psychological intention largely from anecdotal material which he takes at face value. A typical example is Case 109, here reproduced in its entirety, i.e. two sentences: "A pair of young people drove off the cliffs at Tréport (Sein-Maritime) in a car on August 16th. Miss M.S., 21, employed in a restaurant, and Mr. P.N., a student, left a letter in which they explained that they killed themselves to preserve their love." This brief report is sufficient for Baechler to classify the case as a suicide of transfiguration, which he defines as a suicide undertaken to attain a state considered by the subject to be infinitely more desirable.

Had Baechler ever seen young couples who contemplated or survived such suicide pacts, he would be more skeptical because entirely different motives, involving anger and coercion, usually enter into such situations. Suicide notes in cases like these, and in most others, are designed to conceal, not reveal motivation. "You are not to blame," written in a suicide note to a wife, husband, or parent usually turns out to mean the opposite. Baechler, however, recognizes no unconscious motivations, and ignores the considerable literature which at the very least would caution against so easily accepting such notes at face value.

Baechler estimates that two-thirds of the suicides he classifies are "escape suicides." Labeling suicides as escapes is almost tautological and about as informative as attributing suicide to a death instinct. He calls most of the rest of his cases "aggressive suicides," but since this type of suicide has been described with more understanding by others, his claims for originality are rather thin.

In clinical practice, most of the situations that Baechler labels escape suicides turn out to have quite different motivations. Freud's famous insight that people who kill themselves over the loss of someone are often individuals who have loved ambivalently and whose suicide is a reflection of the internalization of their rage toward the lost love object is dismissed by Baechler as unverifiable; it can't be generalized to apply to all suicides. He is right on the second point—the dynamics of suicide are too varied to be encompassed by Freud's formulation. He is wrong on the first point—the dynamics of such suicide in response to loss can be and have been verified. Freud's insight, whatever its limitations, is inconvenient for Baechler because he classifies grief as a form of escape suicide while the dynamics Freud described would place many of Baechler's cases in the class of aggressive suicides.

Baechler believes suicide is invariably a choice made freely by people in possession of their mental faculties. He rightly challenges the assumption that suicide is explained by attributing it to mental illness, indicating that both may be ways of dealing with a problem. From this point, however, he makes the illogical leap of asserting that suicide is not to be found among the seriously mentally ill. To support his contention he states that it is only early in schizophrenia that one sees suicide. This statement is not only untrue, but reflects an unfortunate tendency to jump from a valid point to an illogical conclusion, often with the aid of an inaccurate fact, and to assert it uncategorically.

To try to establish the universality of suicide, Baechler reviews the anthropological literature which indicates that there are many cultures where suicide does not seem to exist. The anthropologists who report the absence of suicides have relied on informants whom they questioned. Baechler

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suggests that informants may have been lying or forgetful. Then he proceeds to write as though he has established that suicide is universal when in fact all he has done is to raise some questions about claims to the contrary.

In attempting to deal with what sort of person resorts to suicide as a resolution to problems, Baechler uses a somewhat simplistic psychology of personality. He believes that an unfriendly outer world and an infant's personal helplessness combine to produce "a fundamental feeling characteristic of all, and one that increases when life is complex and conscious: insecurity." He says infants react to this insecurity in two important ways; one rooted in anger and the will to power produces in the extreme a choleric temperament; the other rooted in appeal and the attempt to seek help produces, when excessive, a plaintive character structure. Although the majority of people have elements of both temperaments, suicidal people he believes come from these extremes.

He draws on my study *Suicide and Scandinavia* to illustrate Swedish suicides as typically part of a struggle for power and Danish suicide as more characteristically dependent in nature. Although one does see more consistent patterns in the relatively homogeneous Scandinavian countries, these two aspects of behavior are not mutually exclusive in the same suicidal individual as Baechler believes.

In dealing with the social factors in suicide, Baechler's psychology is impoverished by a shrunken view of what social life and social roles are. He speaks of people as though they were simply extensions of the jobs they perform. Elderly women, he tells us, may kill themselves less than elderly men because they have their housework to occupy them. The family, the most complex of social institutions, is described as though it were a corporation where everyone had only one job or one option. His inability to comprehend the relation between suicide and society leads Baechler to sacrifice the potential value of an interesting compilation he has made of the ways in which suicide has been institutionalized in different cultures in such practices as running amok and hara kari. He does little more than detail the information while trying to bolster the validity of his system of classification, which he feels has been confirmed because every form of suicide he has described has been institutionalized in one culture or another. In practice this means he consistently uses the same superficial situational analysis in dealing with cultures that he does in dealing with individuals.

For example, suttee (which means, literally, "faithful wife"), a practice in which widows in the upper classes of India were burned to death on their husband's funeral pyres, he lists as grief suicide. That the women were given no choice in the matter does not influence his analysis. Nor is he engaged by the question of what the practice suggests about the culture, the status of women, and the relations between men and women. He is content with a remark he says he knows will offend feminists: that the practice reflects how much men regard women as their most precious possession. Baechler claims his classification is based on what the subject feels about his or her death. In a culture in which suttee is possible, one suspects that the husband knows his wife will not mourn him and her death is his revenge. Any grief his wife feels is likely to be because his death means hers will follow.

Baechler believes that social disapproval of suicide rests on the undemocratic contention that the individual belongs to the state and has no right to take his life. One needs to be a moral philosopher (which is how the jacket copy describes Baechler), lost in one's own metaphysics, not to realize that most societies have had the intuitive wisdom not to approve of behavior which threatened social cohesion and which, if engaged in by large numbers, would threaten social existence.

In a challenging effort that avoids the cautious dullness of so many treatises on suicide, Baechler, with more intensity than skill, advances existential categories which provide simple labels for complex acts. His failure to understand the relation between the psychological and social dimensions of suicide leads him to the lame conclusion that life is a game with the suicides as people who lost. "It is inevitable that, in any society at all, a certain number of its members will fail in the struggle of life, as they may be insufficiently or poorly prepared, or their opponent may be too strong for them. That is why suicide is universal." But success, failure, and the responses to them are more subjective and more psychologically determined than knowing who won a ball game. A study of suicide may start in such confusion, but it should not conclude there.

Herbert Hendin

Herbert Hendin is director of the Center for Psychological Studies at the Veterans Administration Medical Center in Montrose, New York, and professor of psychiatry at New York Medical College.

Good Jobs, Bad Jobs, No Jobs
by Eli Ginzberg

(Harvard University Press; $15)

Hardly anyone talks about jobs anymore. With unemployment at 5.7 percent and projections of as much as 8.2 percent by the end of 1980, who remembers that in 1972 some of the country's best economists told the Joint Economic Committee that about two percent unemployment was "a realistic goal in the next decade"? One year later, of course, came the first OPEC price rises and the period of extended economic disruption known as stagflation. Unemployment has become the black hole of this new economic era. The more people sucked into it, the more it is surrounded by a nearly universal, almost ethereal silence.

As its title suggests, Eli Ginzberg's new book does talk about jobs. It is, however, full of disturbing silences of its own. A distinguished Columbia manpower economist, Ginzberg takes the reader on a cook's tour of most issues in the employment field—manpower training, equal opportunity, the growing participation of women in the work force, youth unemployment, to name a few. But there is little in this volume that is new or original (the chapters are reworked versions of already published

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articles and papers) and even less that seems adequate to understanding the persistent quality of unemployment in America.

Ginzberg recognizes the existence of a "job problem" but he doesn't think we can do much about it. As he repeats time and again, "the American economy has had a good record, not a poor one, in job creation." But due to the sharp increase in the labor force participation rate—the number of people who want to work—we still have high unemployment. "Although the United States economy provided a rapid and substantial increase in jobs, the number of job seekers, primarily married women and young people . . . increased even more rapidly. . . ." In fact, Ginzberg estimates that nearly 24 *million* "potentially employable" Americans (over three times the number of officially unemployed) would take full-time, paying jobs if they were available.

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What to do with all these potential workers? Ginzberg is no free-market ideologue. His model of a "pluralistic economy" with a substantial "not-for-profit" sector allows for an active government role in jobs policy. But he cannot imagine how the needs of these millions can be met, whether by the private sector or the public. Therefore, the principle that every citizen has a right to a job is simply impractical.

> *In economic policy, as in political and social policy, a country that avoids the pursuit of unrealizable goals is a country that protects its treasure. . . . That is the stance the United States should adopt with respect to unemployment policy. . . . We cannot assume that the private sector will be able to create adequate numbers of new jobs, and we cannot assume that the federal government will be able to provide a job for everyone who is willing and able to work. That is a commitment that, at least for the present, is too ambitious.*

This is a deceptive vision. It sets up the fashionable dichotomy between a wonderfully productive economic system and a grasping society which, no matter how much it has, always wants more. But in the barrage of statistics that make up the first half of this book, Ginzberg lets drop certain indications that the American economy has not been as successful in job creation as he first suggests.

For example, between 1950 and 1976, there were two and a half times as many new private sector jobs in industries with below-average weekly wages than in industries with above-average wages. More than three out of every five new jobs were in the retail trade or service sectors "where many jobs are part time and wages are traditionally low." Even when the relatively good jobs of the not-for-profit sector are added in, Ginzberg still estimates that three out of five jobs created since World War II must be classified as "poor." Moreover, it is precisely those new job seekers who get stuck with the bad jobs. In spite of all the gains of the women's movement during the last 15 years, the proportion of working women in low paying, unskilled sales, clerical, and service work has remained virtually unchanged—76 percent in 1950, 73 percent in 1976.

Ginzberg quotes such statistics without considering what they might tell us about our economy. Anxious to manufacture social consensus, he is blind to any and all manifestations of conflict over work. Writing of the predominance of bad jobs, he wonders at "the near absence of criticism and discontent among Americans who obtained those jobs," entirely ignoring the major discussion of worker dissatisfaction and "blue-collar blues" of a few years ago. What's worse, Ginzberg goes on the explain this lack of discontent by repeating the usual stereotypes about women and the young as "secondary workers," willing to put up with bad conditions and low pay.

This explains Ginzberg's consistent complacency in the face of our job problem. He doesn't really believe these millions of new job seekers need to work. This book is not an analysis of our job problem; it is an apologia for it.

Ginzberg never penetrates to the core of the unemployment issue because he treats it exclusively as a technical problem. For all his desire to reveal the political dimension of jobs policies, he betrays no understanding of the ways economic power and conflict shape the world of work. His model of economic pluralism seems to assume that the major corporations of the private sector have lost their control over the mechanics of economic decision-making.

What is far more likely is that the massive concentration of private economic power that characterizes the American economy stands in the way of economic institutions geared to solving the job problem. For example, a recent study by MIT economist David Birch estimates that 60 percent of all jobs in the US are created by firms with 20 employees or fewer. Large firms (500 employees or more) generate less than 15 percent of all new jobs. In slow-growing regions like the Northeast, small businesses are responsible for *all* new jobs and make up the losses caused by the flight of corporate capital. "Any economic development policy aimed at stimulating job growth must come to grips with this reality," writes Birch. "It is not the relatively few large corporations, about which we hear so much in the press, that are bringing stability to older areas. It is the thousands of anonymous smaller firms that are carrying . . . the burden." Might not the political dominance of the big corporations be the major obstacle to an effective government employment policy? Ginzberg's book cannot begin to consider this issue, for the major actors on the American economic stage are left out.

During the 1960s, most economists were convinced that the problem of

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unemployment had been solved. There was broad confidence in the ability of the experts to "fine tune" the economy. The economic crisis of the 1970s has inspired a counter-tendency, an intellectual reaction. What was once solved is now incapable of solution. Intellectual complacency masquerades as intellectual modesty. But confidence and complacency are merely two sides of the same coin. They are both deeply political evasions of the human tragedy of unemployment.

Robert Howard

Robert Howard is a freelance writer in Washington, DC.

Memoir of a Gambler by Jack Richardson

(Simon & Schuster; $9.95)

Under our democratic hides, most of us are proud of how different we are from others. If we have more or less the same ideas or tastes as the generality, these are merely concessions to convention. They don't lessen our uniqueness. If others are smarter than we are, we console ourselves that our silence is a sign of sagacity. If others are more beautiful, the lines on our face are marks of character. But our rarity doesn't have to show. No indeed. It is an inner state, a sensibility, a pure region of us that cannot be categorized in the language our culture uses to abolish surprise. This vanity is native to self-conscious humanity. But it reached its present agitated pitch only in the late 18th century, when democracy and romanticism first began to make their conflicting claims on the imaginations of men. Since then idealists have tried to reconcile these claims: none have succeeded, none are likely to succeed. For this is the real democratic distemper, and it is linked to our horror of mortality. It is as if in accepting the proposition that all men are created equal—that we, say, are in essential respects like that lout who wheezes in his food—we are also assenting to the dark proposition that, like him, we will know pain and humiliation and the fear that has no cure before, like him, we die.

When Jack Richardson came down with a bad case of this distemper—exactly when is not clear from his text—he began to gamble. He wanted "to be pronounced rare," to find some special "grace" in life. He had been brought up to expect this. Yet there he was a successful playwright with a wife, a daughter, a mistress, a mortgage—and he did not feel special. He felt common. Middle-class security stretched before him with all the allure of a life sentence. Only gambling made him feel alive. So he rose from his mistress's bed and flew west, to the neon oasis of Las Vegas.

Here is Mr. Richardson on the view of Las Vegas from the air: "There is no natural reason—no river, no lake, no snug valley—to justify its existence in all that space. And then suddenly you realize that you are its reason for being." As this shows, he is a perceptive observer and a fine prose stylist. His story is told in only the very best diction—ophidian, fugacious, conation, avernal, and selenic are some of the lovely rare words he uses—and it is heavy with self-irony and rue. The trouble is that this elegant manner seems to have been purged of all the madness rampant in the matter of Richardson's tale. So long as Richardson is speaking in this arch voice, *Memoir of a Gambler* is a literary descent into the Abyss. I capitalize the word because of course I mean that familiar place we all first visited in college. We know we're there, in the abyss that is, when Richardson introduces us to some of the zombies he meets on his descent. As a good playwright he gives them plenty of lines, and when *they* speak a whiff of the real nada wafts through the prevailing urbanity.

Take the teenage prostitute he consorts with after his first big win in Vegas. When he asks her for "everything," she makes this devastating reply: "Everything? What does that mean? All I do is straight and french." I thought that would knock the spiritual stuffings out of him, put a crimp in his quest—well, for everything. But I underestimated the tenacity of his obsession. When his luck starts to ebb, he leaves the tony casinos on the strip for the sleazier joints of downtown Las Vegas. There he meets Betsy. She sounds like this: "Hell I know I look a little strange, but this is as good as I can get it together, honey. If I was real tasteful about myself, you know what I'd look like? A nice gray haired old lady who's out of the game for good." There is desperation in that speech (as well as pluck), and unlike Richardson's, her desperation is not from an attack of the banalities. Still, "I wasn't going to admit that there were deep similarities between me and those who have been made ragged by life." Earlier, con-

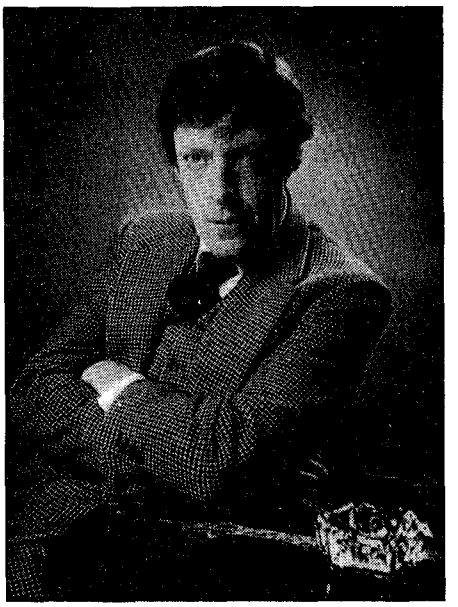

photo of Jack Richardson by Sigrid Estrada

templating the ruins of a once famous comedian, he had made the moral assumption behind this statement clear: "I doubted this democratic ontology"—the idea that common people can know despair—"not so much out of a wish for any general contentment in life as from a belief in an aristocracy of sensibility. One is born to the deeper agonies of existence the way one is born with patterned birthmarks or a Hapsburg chin."

When Vegas palls, Richardson goes to a gambling town in California frequented by the elderly, and by professional gamblers like Daisy. Daisy hopes to win her way out of gambling and into the dull middle class from which Richardson has just escaped. She is a siren, though, and briefly he falls under her spell: "There could be no one in the world like Daisy, no one whose physical beauty could shadow my life so that I could no longer see its clear and distinct purpose"—which was to have a more

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vivid life. So he leaves Daisy—she had made the bad mistake of including him in her tacky dreams—and goes where his literary ancestors, "those restless foreigners, tuans, and outcasts," have always gone to sate their spiritual hungers, to the East.

In Hong Kong he has a run of "supernal luck." He wins at blackjack, at craps, at roulette. The bugs he bets on in bug races win, and so do the worms in the worm races. In one of the gambling dens where these races are held, a man produces some poisonous snakes from a basket. Which will strike the caged rat first? "One thrust its body in a long undulating suspension toward me—from its eyes I felt a cold, lucid direct communication." This one. The snakes are lined up, they writhe toward the rat—and sure enough, Richardson has picked another winner. He's tied in to the order of things. In him the breach between thought and extension has been healed. He is it. It is he. Supernal luck indeed! But when he tries to use his luck to help two wretched Chinese women who have been driven into prostitution to pay their gambling debts, it fails. Betting for others breaks his "sensory accord" with the universe. From the heights of his godhead he comes crashing down, down. It is a terrible moment.

In these last pages Richardson drops his self-mocking irony, and conveys directly the feeling of divine inevitability that possessed him during his climactic winning streak as well as the panic that overcame him when he lost. It is a report on an extraordinary experience, one closer to "everything" than we will ever get. And so when he departs for home "having learned that life is serious and dangerous," we are not as let down by this conventional ending as we would have been if he had not tried to recreate, without smirking or fine writing, his brush with heaven and hell.

Jack Beatty

Correspondence, *from page 5*

curate than Chicagoans writing in Washington, but John Osborne was quite wrong in stating that Dan Walker, a Democratic governor of Illinois, served with a Republican lieutenant governor (White House Watch, *TNR*, October 27).

The last time Illinois had a governor and lieutenant governor of opposite parties was when Republican governor Richard Ogilvie served with Democratic lieutenant governor (now congressman) Paul Simon. In order to prevent this happening again, the Illinois Constitution of 1970 provides that the candidates of a party must run as a team in the general election for governor and lieutenant governor. (I was a member of the Constitutional Convention.)

Leonard N. Foster
Chicago, Illinois

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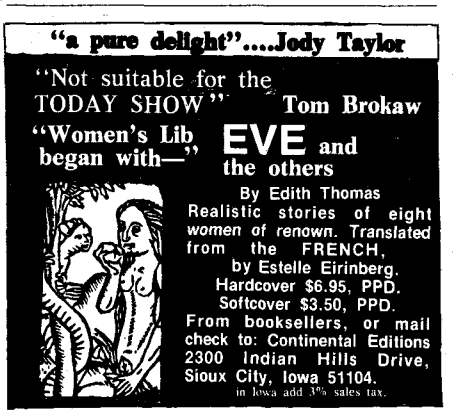
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THE NEW REPUBLIC MAGAZINE

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Washington Diarist

Dudgeon

Like 220 million other Americans, I'm appalled by the seizure of the American embassy in Tehran. But I'm disturbed as well by the growing nostalgia for the deposed shah. The most conspicuous offender is *Washington Post* columnist George Will, who offered this smug I-told-you-so: "A nation that collaborates in throwing to the wolves an ally like the shah should not expect respect from the wolves. . . . You remember the shah, an ally for 37 years. During the 1973 war he was the only ruler in the region who banned Soviet overflights. He urged an end to the oil embargo and rushed fuel to US ships. . . . Such is our trembling fear of Khomeini that the shah had to become a cancer patient before we would let him past the Statue of Liberty." This last in fact is untrue: the US government invited the shah here immediately after he left Iran last January, but he refused the offer in the vain hope that he would be invited back to Iran. It is hard to tell whether Will thinks we should have done even more than we did to help keep the shah in power because he served our interests—a defense from the standpoint of realpolitik—or because he was better than Khomeini for the Iranian people. If it is the former, then one can only say that sensible realpolitik would have dictated putting some distance between ourselves and the shah. He had lost, irretrievably, whatever popular support he had once enjoyed, and along with it his ability to govern. He was no longer of any use to us; therefore realism required that we try to accommodate ourselves to his inevitable successors. If Will's case rests on the second premise, then one can only say that most Iranians clearly disagree. Khomeini is a tyrant, but indisputably a popular one. Americans may have forgotten the shah already, as Will fears, but most Iranians haven't. One who has especially vivid memories is Reza Baraheni, a poet who was imprisoned and tortured for his political writings. Bahareni describes the shah's ingenious interrogation methods as follows: "First he [the prisoner] is beaten by several torturers at once, with sticks and clubs. If he doesn't confess, he is hanged upside down and beaten; if this doesn't work, he is raped; and if he still shows signs of resistance, he is given electric shock which turns him into a howling dog; and if he is still obstinate, his nails and sometimes all his teeth are pulled out, and in certain exceptional cases, a hot iron is put into one side of the face to force its way to the other side, burning the entire mouth and tongue. . . . At other times he is thrown down on his stomach on the iron bed and boiling water is pumped into his rectum by an enema." Some Americans may feel our failure to . . . do what? send in troops? in support of such a cherished ally was not so shameful after all.

The incident in Tehran has evoked a lot of nostalgia for the days when a pipsqueak like the ayatollah could be squashed by a battalion of Marines or a few well-placed double agents. Some of this sabre-rattling, sad to say, has come from *TNR*. Two weeks ago our lead editorial suggested that the US should use "covert action" to overthrow the current regime. Here we go again. It is apparently easy to forget why Iranians hate the US (which is not to justify an act of terrorism like this one). The shah owed his position to a CIA-sponsored coup in 1953, "covert action" which toppled a constitutionally elected government. In a typical year of the Pahlavi regime, Iran's jails held from 25,000 to 100,000 political prisoners. The head of Amnesty International once characterized the shah's record on human rights as the worst in the entire world. But put aside moral issue for the moment (to avoid charges of naiveté). George Will apparently thinks it is still 1945 (or wishes it were), and that the US can have anything it wants, if only it has the gumption to insist. Well, the world has changed since then, and we can't impose our own interests on the three billion other inhabitants of the planet: they won't permit it, and we lack the power and numbers to shove our own preferences down their throats. That is a practical obstacle. As it happens, back when we were running things, we didn't do a very good job of serving the interests of freedom and democracy. There are other examples besides the shah: Diem, Thieu, the Greek colonels, Batista, Somoza, Marcos, Park Chung Hee, Pinochet—enough? It may occasionally be unpleasant and even infuriating to us that the rest of the world prefers not to live under American puppet governments, but one would be hard-pressed to argue that the rest of the world is appreciably worse off for the refusal. One thing that is guaranteed by supporting such dictators is that when their people rise up and overthrow them—as they inevitably do—they hate the United States above all other enemies. The barbaric embassy seizure is graphic testimony to the wisdom of our 37-year policy of support for the shah. For *The New Republic* to suggest that the solution to the current crisis lies in the very measures that earned us such well-deserved enmity among Iranians is not only short-sighted. It is grotesque.

Recently TNR has also shown symptoms of guilt over our opposition to US involvement in the war in Vietnam. My colleague Morton Kondracke gave me a start a few weeks ago by accusing Ted Kennedy of being a "trendy liberal" on matters of foreign policy, citing as evidence his votes to stop US bombing in Vietnam and to withdraw American troops—even opposing President Ford's last request for half a billion dollars to prop up Nguyen Van Thieu's doomed regime a few more weeks. Then the next week we published an attack on Michael Walzer and Stanley Hoffmann written by Edward Luttwak, which I found even more distressing. Luttwak's thesis was that Walzer and Hoffmann were wrong about the war (they opposed it) and that "rivers of blood and the indefinite oppression of tens of millions are involved in their error." Certainly the policies of the communist regimes in Vietnam and Cambodia have been savage. But does that mean all those who opposed the war now have blood on their hands? I think not. The truth is that we expended 50,000 American lives, hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese and Cambodian lives (many of them innocent civilians), and huge sums of money to try prevent a communist victory in Indochina. We failed—not because, as George Will says in a particularly ludicrous comment, the US shrank from "confidently employing its conventional military assets"—but because all our efforts proved not merely futile but also hideously destructive of the people and countries we purported to be saving. For a more learned and thorough discussion of these issues than I can offer here, I direct you to an article by Walzer and Irving Howe, "Were We Wrong About Vietnem?" (*TNR*, August 18). It is not always possible—in Vietnam or in Iran—to avert tyranny. Sometimes the best that we can do is avoid giving it active support. Even that would be a big improvement over what we have done before, and what people like Will and Luttwak—and some editors of *TNR*, apparently—would have us do now.

S.C.

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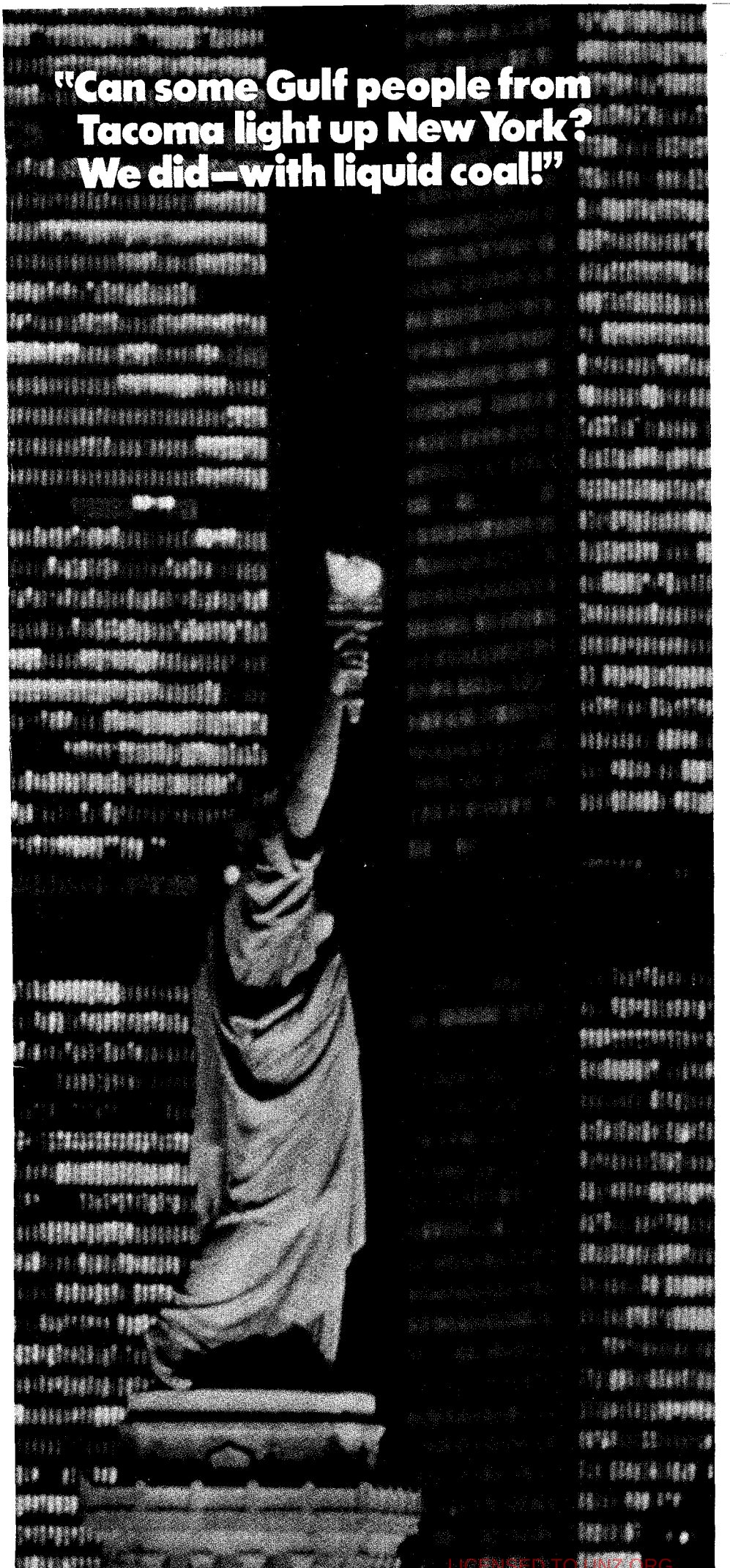

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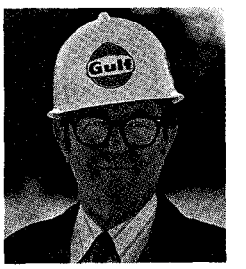

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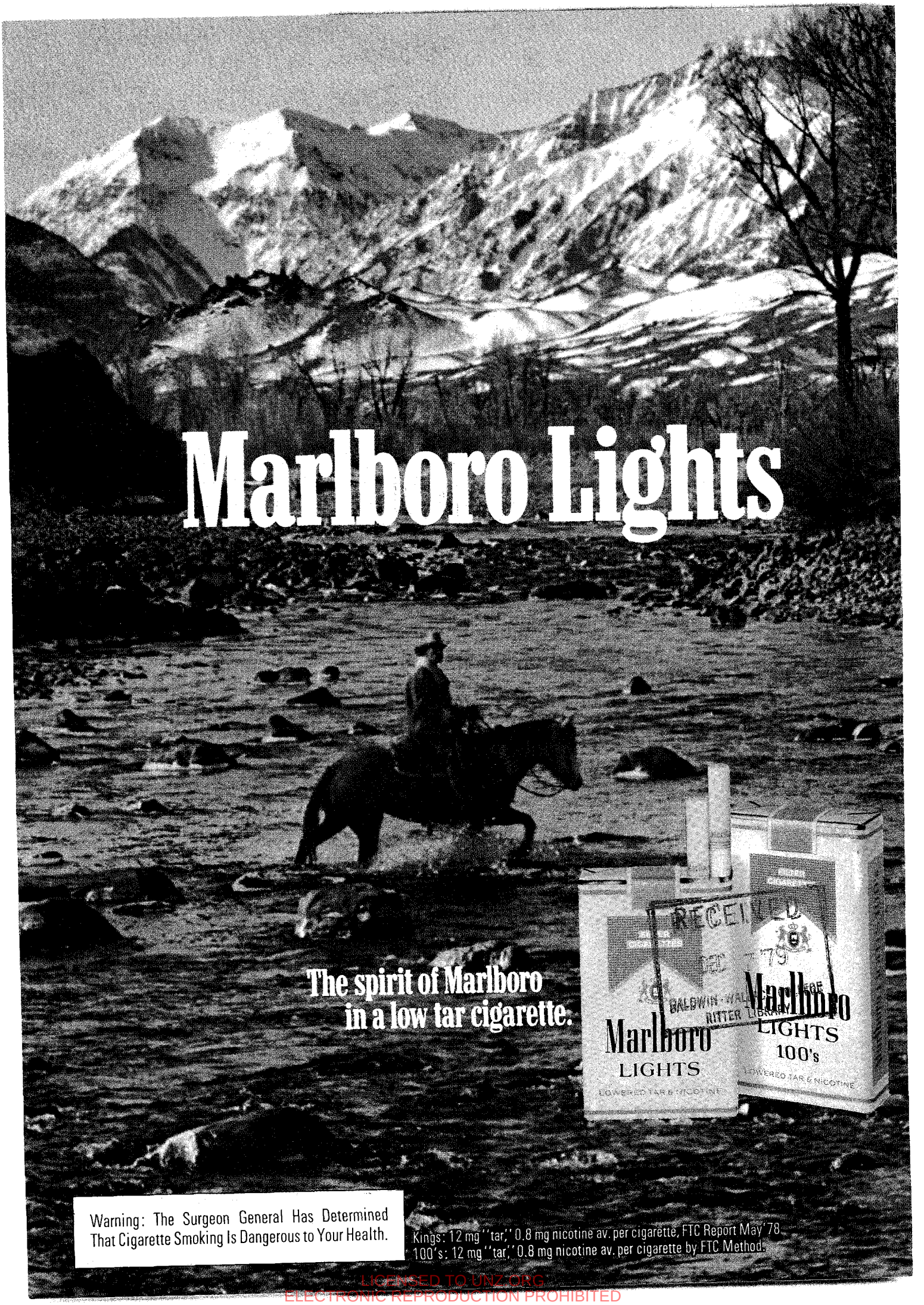
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